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REVIEWS

The Diary of Henry Machyn, Citizen and Merchant-Taylor of London, from A.D. 1550 to A.D. 1563. Edited by John Gough Nichols, F.S.A., for the Camden Society.

Of Henry Machyn, whose very minute, and in many respects curious and interesting, Diary is before us, little is known. That he was a member of the Merchant-Tailors' Company, that he was born towards the close of the fifteenth century, dwelt in the parish of Trinity the Little, by Queenhithe, and probably was engaged in that department of the trade of a merchant-taylor which furnished in those days of funeral pomp the painted and embroidered banners and pennons that were considered indispensable to a "godely burial," is all that we can gather. That he was a man "of no great scholarship or attainments, sufficiently prejudiced, and not capable of any deep views either of religious doctrine or temporal policy," we have abundant evidence in the 'Diary' itself; but it is this that really gives to the homely prising of Henry Machyn a value far beyond the elaborate "apologies" and statements and counter-statements with which this agitated period abounded. "The matters of fact which he records," as the editor justly remarks, "would be such as he either witnessed himself or had learned immediately after their occurrence; and the opinions and sentiments which he expresses would be shared by a large proportion of his fellow-citizens."

The most remarkable passages in the earlier part of this 'Diary' have been made use of by Strype: who, misled by the writer's minute account of the array of the various funerals which here records, believed it to be the journal of one who belonged to the Herald's College. But Strype's extracts are chiefly confined to the religious and political events of Queen Mary's reign—passing over those which so graphically illustrate old London customs; while of the portion relating to the first five years of Elizabeth, he scarcely made any use. We therefore welcome the complete publication of this old manuscript; and follow with interest the diarist in his almost daily record of "noticeable" events,—all set down with the same imperturbable gravity, whether these be the fifteen men hanged at Tyburn, or the Lord of Misrule's gallant show,—the death of King Edward, or the exhibition of the pig with eight feet—the eleven heretics burnt in Smithfield "at iiii postes," or the "godely May game," with giants, soudan, morrice dancers, and the hobby-horse.

The 'Diary' commences with a notice of the funeral of Wriothesley, Earl of Southampton,—followed by similar notices of several others. It is probable, therefore, that it was at first intended merely as a record of the principal funerals about which the diarist was employed. More interesting entries, however, soon succeed; and we have a notice of two of the accessories to the death of "Arden of Feversham" being hanged in Smithfield—a minute account of the Lady Mary riding through London on a visit to her brother at Westminster—an account of the shock of an earthquake at Dorking, which did no further mischief than that of making "the pottes, pannes and dysches dance"—and a curious notification that on the 8th of July was "a plague and a proclamation." The proclamation, however, was perhaps the greater plague of the two;—for it ordered that the groat should be but 3d. and the twopenny piece but a penny. Then, we have a notice of the King's removal to Hampton Court, because of "the nuw swett," which

we find carried off in London above eight hundred people. With the approach of winter, all fear of infection seems to have died away; and "the olde Qwyne of Schottes," Mary of Guise, paid a visit to the city. The details of the honour with which she was received and the "mony grett gyftes of beyffes, mottuns, velles, swines, bred, wyld-foulle, wyne, bere, spysys, and alle thyngs," which she received from the "mayre and aldermen" afford a characteristic picture of old London hospitality. Nor was she presented only with "victualle."

"The vij day of November the Qwyne rod throught [London] to Bysshope-gatt, and the duke of Northumberland [and a hundred] of grett horsys and cotes of velvet in-broderie, [with] hats of velvet and whyt fethers and chynes of gold; [and the] yerle of Pembroke with a C. gret horses, cotes gardy[d with] velvet, and chynes, hats and whyt fethers, and every [man] havynge a new jayfelyn in ther hands, and a badge; and then cam the lord Tresorer with a C. gret horses and ther cotes of marbull, with bage the facon of gold and jayfelines; and with gret nombur of lords and knyghts, and gentyllmen and lades; and ther the Qwyne reseyyd of the chamburlain of London at the gatt a C. marke owt of the chambur."

No wonder was it that in Scotland the notion so generally prevailed that "London streets were paved with gold." Lights and shadows are closely mingled in this 'Diary':—so the next entries record "the gode yerle of Arundell" and two others being carried to the Tower, and "a grett scaffold" being set up in Westminster Hall against the trial of the Duke of Somerset. The sorrow which the citizens felt at his condemnation did not, however, spoil their Christmas festivities, for,—

"The iiij day of Januarii was mad a grett skaffold [in Ch]epe hard by the crosse, agaynst the kynges lord of myss[rule] cumynge from Greawyeche; and landyd at Towre warff, [and with] hym yonge knyghts and gentyllmen a gret nombur on [hors]bake sum in gownes and cotes and chynes about ther nekes, every man havynge a balderyke of yelow and grene about ther nekes, and on the Towre hyll ther they [went in] order, furst a standard of yelow and grene sylke with Sant Gorge, and then gonnes and skuybes, and trompets and bagpipes, and droussels and flutes, and then a gret compeny all in yelow and gren, and doctours declaryng my lord grett, and then the mores danse danyng with a tabret, and afor xx of ys consell on horsbake in gownes of chanabulle lynyd with blue taffata and capes of the sam, lyke sage (men); then cam my lord with a gowne of gold furd with fur of the goodlyest collers as ever youe saw, and then ys . . . and after cam alif a hundred in red and whyt, tallmen [of] the gard, with hods of the sam color, and cam in to the cete; and after cam a carte, the whyche cared the pelere, the a . . . [the] jubett, the stokes, and at the crosse in Chepe a gret brod s[kaffold] for to go up; then cam up the trumpeter, the harold, [and the] doctur of the law, and ther was a proclamasyon mad of my lord's progeny, and of ys gret howshold that he [kept], and of ys dygnite; and ther was a hogshed of wyne [at] the skaffold, and ther my lord dranke, and ys consell, and [had] the hed smytyn owt that every body myht drynke, and [money?] cast about them, and after my lord's) grase rod unto my lord mer and alle ys men to dener, for ther was dener as youe have sene; and after he toke his horse, and rod to my lord Tresorer at Frer Austens, and so to Bysshopgate, and so to Towre warff, and toke harge to Grenwyche."

The next entry brings the scaffold and the headman before us;—for the Duke of Somerset is beheaded; and the numerous array of the king's guard: "and a M. mo with halberds," doubtless for fear of rescue, as well as the parenthesis "I beseeche God have mercy on ys sowille, amen!" prove how general a favourite the Duke was. Soon after, my lady Elizabeth pays a visit to the king, and the king attends a goodly muster of his "men of armes" in Greenwich Park. The citizens, however, had their "godely" shows, also; for there was a green and white

maypole set up in Fenchurch, and there were giants, and the morris dance, and an elephant with a castle. The health of the young king had now become very precarious;—and not the least curious portions of this 'Diary' are those that show the anxious and unsettled state of men's minds. Men are whipt "for visions and signs;" the appearance of "grete fyses"—an undoubted sign of "chance and change" to the country—is duly noted; a child is born with two heads; and some more great fishes are brought through London Bridge to Paris Gardens. Yet, Christmas was kept with due feasting,—and the king's Lord of Misrule came again in great state into the city. Master Maynard, the sheriff, too, provided, during Lent, a goodly disguising, in which "Jack of Lent," and a devil, and a soudan, with morris and minstrelsy, proceeded from Aldgate through London. But still men's minds were perplexed,—and the whipping-post and pillory were again in requisition for pretended prophets. At length Edward died: and the uncertainty that prevailed is shown in the following entry.—

"The vij day of July, as they say, desessyd the nobull Kyng Edward the vij, and the vij yere of ys rayne, and sune and here to the nobull kyng Henry the viij; and he was poysoned, as evere body says, wher now, thanke be unto God, ther be mony of the false traytors browt to ther end, and j trust in God that mor shall folow as thay may be spyd owt."

The subsequent entries show the unsettled state of the city. Queen Jane was not proclaimed until a few days after; and at the time of her proclamation a young man was taken up for maintaining Mary's title—for which he lost both his ears. Then, "all manner of ordonance" is carried to the Tower by night;—and then Mary, within a short week, is proclaimed queen, and the Duke of Northumberland and his adherents are declared traitors. On the 29th, we find "my Lady Elizabeth" riding through Fleet Street to Somerset House, attended by two thousand horsemen, with spears, bows and guns—evidently a prisoner, for whose safe custody Mary was most anxious.

Mary's entry into the city follows: and then, the liberation of her friends and the committal, arraignment and execution of Northumberland and his adherents fill up the following pages,—interspersed, however, with passing notices which prove the new queen to have been unpopular. The change in the religious services was evidently not brought about without much opposition. Thus, when Dr. Bourn first preached at Paul's Cross, our diarist tells us, there was "gret up-rore and showtyng at ys sermon;" and on a similar occasion, when the livery companies attended, "my lord mayor" had the services of two hundred of the guard "to se no dysquet done." This drilling in public worship must naturally have excited the anger of Englishmen, independently of peculiarities of form and faith; and we find several men set on the pillory for "haynous wordes aganst the qwen's magesty." The projected marriage with the King of Spain seems to have excited further indignation,—but resistance was vain: and from the time when Sir Thomas Wyatt's rebellion was put down the reign of Mary was unquestionably a reign of terror. There are large notices relating to Wyatt,—which Strype has made use of. Forty-six men were hanged in London, twenty-four in Kent;—and it seems a fortunate circumstance that these executions took place during winter, otherwise the putrid heads and quarters which were displayed on all the city gates might have caused another plague. The remaining prisoners were, however, pardoned.—

"The sam day alle the Kent men whent to the cowrt with halters a-bowt ther nekes, and bonde with cordes,

words" against the Queen, but for conjuring, false witness bearing, cheating, and such like. Here is an instance.—

"The ix day of July was the pelere set up in Chepe for a prentes that had conveyed from ys master the sum of a (blank) l., and had bowth hym now apparel, nuw shurt, dobelet and hose, hat, purse, grydyl, dager, and bates, spurs, butt-hose, and a skarffe, and thys nuw all, and thys dyd hang up on the pelere, and goodly geldyng and sadyll, cot, cloke, onlyll."

The pillory, indeed, seems to have been the grand engine of reformation:—and it must often have presented a very amusing sight. A man who sold measly pork was exhibited there with the piece hanging round his neck; a woman who sold roast meat in Lent bore the forbidden dainties on her head; a man who purchased fish at an under price had them tied "collar wise" round his neck; while another who sold bad smelts had both head and neck adorned with them. We have notices, too, of riding schools and disreputable persons:—indeed, London streets could seldom have been without some kind of bustle or other.

This curious "Diary" ends in the summer of 1563: and some of the last entries notice the precautions which were taken against the plague,—such as that fires should be made in every street and lane three times a week—that "a cross of blue with writing under" should be set upon the door of each infected house—and that a man was appointed to kill as many dogs as he could find in the streets, it being supposed that they conveyed the infection. How far these precautions were successful Henry Machyn has not told us:—probably he himself became one of the victims of the plague. If that were the case, we may well rejoice that the practice of burning whatever belonged to the infected person was not followed in respect to this curious "Diary," which, with all its prosiness and cockneyisms and outrageous bad spelling, affords as graphic a picture of the times—of their "very form and pressure"—as we have ever had the gratification of contemplating.

FLEMISH NOVELS.

Adventures of the Count Hugo Van Craenhove. By Henry Conscience.—*Lambrecht Hensmans.* By the Same. 2 vols.—*The Olden Times.* By Felix Bogaert. Antwerp, Buschman.

Mr. Henry Conscience has been already introduced to our readers in the course of our series of sketches of Flemish Literature [see *Athen.* No. 1026]. He is a man of fertile genius and indefatigable industry:—having for his great object to show the copiousness, richness, and harmony of the Flemish language. The annals of Flanders during centuries of wars and internal tumults offer an inexhaustible fund of material to the poet and the novel-writer; and the genius of Conscience knows well how to vary his expression to suit the various characters and circumstances of the times with which he deals. Strength and energy speak by the tongues of his bold and iron men of the past—while sweetness and feminine elegance distinguish the utterance of his heroines. The Belgian people feel daily more and more that, although the French language is equally with their own a literary instrument to them, it is the bounden duty of a nation that understands its own interests and honour to encourage writers who maintain and extend the primitive language of the country. This proves a strong and powerful bond of nationality everywhere; and one particularly applicable to Belgium—where half of the people never have spoken, and never will speak, any other than their mother-tongue.

In the two novels before us Henry Conscience has displayed much feeling and imagination; and avoided at the same time the great but common fault of imitating French writers. In this point of view, the '*Adventures of Count Hugo Van Craenhove*' are quite original. The scene is laid in 1336. Arnold and Hugo Van Craenhove, two brothers, live together in the old castle of their fathers, and are passionately devoted to each other. A cause of dissension, however, comes between them. Both become enamoured of the same lady; and distrust and aversion succeed to their mutual attachment. This leads at length to an open quarrel, and a combat between the brothers in a wood near the castle, wherein both are wounded—Hugo being left on the ground for dead. Stung with remorse, Arnold flies from the spot; and his brother, being found and conveyed to the castle, recovers from his wounds after months of suffering. His first thought after his return to consciousness is of Arnold, and his first effort that of inquiring out his retreat. His researches proving fruitless, life becomes a burden to him; and, but for a young sister who claims his protection, he would have buried his grief in a convent. To her society, however, he surrenders all other enjoyments, and devotes the moments not so consecrated to penitent prayer for the supposed murder of his brother. Abulfaragus, an old friend of his, is his only other (and a very mysterious) companion. There is one more inmate of the castle, Bernard van Reedale,—an orphan, whose parents had perished in the burning and pillaging of Brussels by the Flemings in 1356, under Louis de Male. He had been received and protected by Count Hugo, from respect for his father; and being brought up with Aleidis, the sister, falls in love with the young girl, and is in consequence ordered by Abulfaragus from the castle. Destitute and friendless, he betakes himself to a shepherd life in a remote part of Flanders. While one day tending his flock on the borders of a forest, he sees an old man, leaning on a stick and covered with a goat's skin, emerge from a cavern. Secretly watching the movements of this mysterious person, Bernard finally discovers him to be the lost brother of Count Hugo. Under the impression that he had destroyed his brother, Arnold had taken refuge in the wilderness, to expiate his crime by prayer and mortification. Bernard reveals to him that Hugo lives and is also expiating by penitence the supposed murder of a brother. Bernard returns to the castle and communicates his information to Abulfaragus; who undertakes to prepare Count Hugo for his reception. Next morning the brothers meet.—

Bernard and Arnold, exhausted by their journey, passed over the bridge and entered the castle. Here Arnold, overpowered by emotion, could proceed no further. At length, leaning on the shoulders of Bernard on one side and of Aleidis, who had run out to meet her brother, on the other, he slowly dragged his frame towards the room in which his brother lay, too ill to move. The opening of the door was followed by two piercing cries. Arnold! Hugo! Forgiveness! forgiveness!—and the brothers were clasped in each other's arms. A few incoherent words passed their lips: and then both fell to the ground like inanimate statues fallen from their pedestals. While yet they clung together, without visible emotion, the lookers-on believed that overpowered by their feelings they had fallen into a swoon; but Abulfaragus, who saw them fall, made the castle echo with his cry and rushed towards them. Alas! though thirteen years of remorse had not been able to kill, a moment of rapture had done that work! The brothers were dead,—and their souls were gone together into eternity!

A very faint conception of the interest of this novel is rendered by the foregoing rough sketch. Each incident is developed with ease and grace;

and simplicity and nature reign throughout. The local descriptions, as well as the passions, feelings, emotions and thoughts of the actors, are all depicted in engaging forms; and the reader's attention and anxiety are kept suspended till the close of the tale. The author has never written more brilliant pages than are to be found here. He has shown his power to sound the depths of the human heart, to regulate dramatic action, and to weave the chain of sentiment and passion so as to produce striking and enthralling effect.

The story of '*Lambrecht Hensmans*' is a very different performance, both in matter and style—and brings us within the range of present times. The main subject is one of the everyday incidents of common life. An honest workman with a large family is, in 1812, accused of a crime committed at Antwerp—convicted—and condemned to hard labour, though earnestly and constantly declaring his innocence. His punishment brings ruin and death to his family: and after the survivors and himself had undergone indescribable misery and privation, his innocence is established by the testimony and confession of a common thief. This plot having been before the public on many previous occasions and in divers shapes, it was the more difficult for the author to impart to it so much of freshness and novelty as should excite and sustain the reader's interest. This difficulty, however, he has overcome. The characters are delineated with so much feeling and truth, and the style is so vivid, that the reader is rivetted by the story and deeply moved by the misfortunes of the wronged *Lambrecht* and his unfortunate family.

'*The Olden Times*,' by Felix Bogaert, is a description of the ancient institutions, monuments and habits of the people of the city of Antwerp. The higher efforts of the imagination are here out of the question. History alone is to be referred to. The object of the writer is to examine who is right—they who consider the period of Belgium from the eighteenth century till the invasion of the French (in 1713-1791) as being the *good olden times*, or they who look on that period as one of comparative ignorance and oppression. To enable the reader to draw his own conclusion from indisputable facts, Felix Bogaert gives a sketch of the life and habits of the people of Antwerp, and of their civil and social institutions, during this period of history—when the city became something like what Athens was under Pericles. The little volume exhibits great liveliness and taste—and is an interesting production to both foreigner and Belgian. It is written under the influence of an enlightened and patriotic feeling that greatly helps the pleasure which the reader takes in its pages.

The Life and Times of Daniel O'Connell. By William Fagan, Esq., M.P. Vols. I. and II. Cork, O'Brien: London, Simpkin & Co. *Personal Recollections of the late Daniel O'Connell, M.P.* By William J. O'N. Daunt, Esq. 2 vols. Chapman & Hall.

A mere transcript of the title of Mr. Fagan's book will suffice: since we apprehend it to be principally a reprint of articles furnished to an Irish provincial newspaper.—Our "method" with regard to Mr. Daunt's publication is equally easy, though not so short. Any attempt to follow his '*Recollections*' as a connected history must of necessity plunge the critic knee-deep in the bog of Repeal politics. This our charter forbids: and we are not sorry to be spared,—for the picture which these volumes contain of a popular leader as a private man is at once winning and suggestive.

These '*Personal Recollections*' are in no respect more interesting than as showing the im-

mense authority of personal influence. Reason may be parried, persuasion may be opposed by prejudice,—but geniality is hardly to be resisted; and, indeed, few popular leaders have gone far or reigned widely without it. At all events, Mr. O'Connell must have possessed this quality in perfection. His strong health, cheerful spirits, and the touch of romance and poetry in his composition, seem not merely to have sustained his working power, but also to have given him the ability to please and the willingness to play. Devoted family affection is no bad centre from which fascination and authority may radiate; and this, also, the Liberator possessed. He quoted verses—loved good stories—frequented field sports. He was a novel reader;—and had, once in his youth, as we shall presently see, thought of becoming a novelist. Though seldom *hot*—surprisingly seldom, considering the incessant battery of resistance, caricature, jealousy, and mistrust, to which he was exposed,—he was never *cold*. Though tough to a point of tenacity which must astound the sickly and the second-rate, who are for ever seeking excuses and evasions—an astonishingly small amount of hardness can be laid to his charge. Then, we find turns and twists of the Irishman which to the lover of humour are worth their weight in gold. In short, as has been already said, an individual character is revealed in this book:—and we shall draw upon it for such matter as will at once justify our assertion and tempt the lover of character to search for himself.

Let us give to O'Connell's anecdotes of O'Connell precedence over his recollections and opinions of other persons and things.—

His Childhood.

"He spoke of his illness—a severe typhus fever—which had nearly proved fatal to him at Darrynane in 1798. 'It was occasioned,' said he, 'by sleeping in wet clothes. I had dried them upon me at a peasant's fire, and drank three glasses of whiskey, after which I fell asleep. The next day I hunted, was soon weary, and fell asleep in a ditch under sunshine. I became much worse; I spent a fortnight in great discomfort, wandering about and unable to eat. At last, when I could no longer battle it out, I gave up and went to bed. Old Doctor Moriarty was sent for. He pronounced me in a high fever. I was in such pain that I wished to die. In my ravings I fancied that I was in the middle of a wood, and that the branches were on fire around me. I felt my back-bone stiffening for death, and I positively declare that I think what saved me was the effort I made to rise up and show my father, who was at my bedside, that I knew him. I verily believe that effort of nature averted death. During my illness, I used to quote from the tragedy of Douglas these lines:

Unknown I die; no tongue shall speak of me;
Some noble spirits, judging by themselves,
May yet conjecture what I might have proved;
And think life only wanting to my fame.

I used to quote those lines under the full belief that my illness would end fatally. Indeed, long before that period—when I was seven years old—yes, indeed, as long as ever I can recollect, I always felt a presentiment that I should write my name on the page of history. I hated Saxon domination. I detested the tyrants of Ireland. During the latter part of my illness, Doctor Moriarty told me that Buonaparte had got his whole army to Alexandria, across the Desert. 'That is impossible,' said I, 'he cannot have done so; they would have starved.'—'Oh, no,' replied the doctor, they had a quantity of portable soup with them, sufficient to feed the whole army for four days.'—'Ay,' rejoined I; 'but had they portable water? For their portable soup would have been but of little use if they had not water to dissolve it in.' My father looked at the attendants with an air of hope. Doctor Moriarty said to my mother, 'His intellect is, at any rate, untouched.'"

His early Studies.

"The first big book I ever read," said he, "was

Captain Cook's 'Voyage round the World.' I read it with intense avidity. When the other children would ask me to play with them, I used to run away, and take my book to the window, that is now converted into a press, in the housekeeper's room at Darrynane; there I used to sit with my legs crossed, tailor-like, devouring the adventures of Cook. His book helped to make me a good geographer—I took an interest in tracing out his voyages upon the map. That was in 1784. I don't think I ever met a book that took a greater grasp of me—there used I to sit reading it, sometimes crying over it, whilst the other boys were playing."

Adventures of his Youth.

"Oh, Madden!" cried O'Connell, as he entered, "I was thinking, as I read your book, how glad you would have been to learn a trifling incident I could have told you about the Shearases. I travelled with them, in the Calais packet, to England, in 1793. I left Douay on the 21st of January in that year, and arrived in Calais the very day the news arrived that the King and Queen had been guillotined. The packet had several English on board, who all, like myself, seemed to have been made confirmed aristocrats by the sanguinary horrors of the Revolution. They were talking of the execution of the King and Queen, and execrating the barbarity of their murderers, when two gentlemen entered the cabin, a tall man and a low one—these were the two Shearases. Hearing the horrible doings at Paris spoken of, John Shearase said, 'We were at the execution.'—"Good heaven!" exclaimed one of the Englishmen, "how could you have got there?"—"By bribing two of the National Guard to lend us their uniforms," answered Shearase; "we obtained a most excellent view of the entire scene."—"But, in God's name, how could you endure to witness such a hideous spectacle?" resumed the Englishman.—John Shearase answered energetically—"I never can forget his manner of pronouncing the words. 'From love of the cause!'" * * * "In my young days there used to be a celebrated tavern in that street, where the Reformers of the period held many of their meetings. I was at one of those meetings in 1797—it was a meeting of the lawyers. John Shearase and the present Judge Burton attended it.—'Had you been then called to the bar?'—"No. I was not then a lawyer.—I only went as a spectator. It was fortunate for me that I could not then participate in the proceedings. I felt warmly—and a young Catholic student stepping prominently forth in opposition to the Government would have been in all probability hanged. I learned much by being a *looker-on* about that time. I had many good opportunities of acquiring valuable information, upon which I very soon formed my own judgment. It was a terrible time. The political leaders of the period could not conceive such a thing as a perfectly open and above-board political machinery. My friend Richard Newton Bennett was an adjunct to the Directory of United Irishmen. I was myself a United Irishman. As I saw how matters worked, I soon learned the lesson to *have no secrets in politics*. Other leaders made their *workings* secret, and only intended to bring out the results. They were, therefore, perpetually in peril of treachery. You saw men on whose fidelity you would have staked your existence playing false, when tempted by the magnitude of the bribe on the one side, and terrified on the other by the danger of hanging.' As we passed through St. James's Street, he pointed out a dusky red brick house, with stone cornices and architraves, on the south side of the street. 'That,' said he, 'was the Grand Canal Hotel. One night in 1803 I searched every room in that house.'—"For what did you search?"—"For croppies. I was then a member of the Lawyers' Corps, and constantly on duty. After I had stood sentry for three successive nights, Nicholas Purcell O'Gorman's turn came. He had recently been ill, and told me the exposure to night air would probably kill him. 'I shall be in a sad predicament,' said he, 'unless you take my turn of duty for me. If I refuse, they'll accuse me of cowardice or croppism; if I mount guard it will be the death of me!' So I took his place, and thus stood guard for six consecutive nights. One night a poor boy was taken up in Dame Street after midnight—he said in his defence that he was going on a message from his master, a notary-public, to give notice for protest of a bill

—the hour seemed a very unlikely one for such a purpose, and we searched his person for treasurable documents. We found in his waistcoat pocket a sheet of paper, on which were rudely scrawled several drawings of pikes. He turned pale with fright, and trembled all over, but persisted in the account he had given us of himself. It was easily tested, and a party immediately went to his master's house to make inquiry. His master confirmed his statement; but the visitors, whose suspicions were excited by the drawing, rigidly examined the whole house for pikes—prodded the beds to try if there were any concealed in them—found all right, and returned to our guard-house about three in the morning."

His Marriage.

"On one of our Repeal journeys—namely, to Waterford—he adverted, as he frequently did, to the memory of the late Mrs. O'Connell. 'I never,' said he, 'proposed marriage to any woman but one—my Mary. I said to her, 'Are you engaged, Miss O'Connell?'—She answered, 'I am not.'—'Then,' said I, 'will you engage yourself to me?'—'I will,' was her reply.—'And I said I would devote my life to make her happy. She deserved that I should—she gave me thirty-four years of the purest happiness that man ever enjoyed. My uncle was desirous I should obtain a much larger fortune, and I thought he would disinherit me. But I did not care for that. I was richly rewarded by subsequent happiness.'—'And your profession made you independent?'—"Yes—the first year I was at the bar I made 584, the second year about 150*l*, the third year 200*l*, the fourth year about 300 guineas. I then advanced rapidly; and the last year of my practice I got 9,000*l*, although I lost one term.'—"Did your wife reside in Tralee?"—"She did, with her grandmother; and it was my delight to quiz the old lady, by pretending to complain of her grand-daughter's want of temper. 'Madam,' said I, 'Mary would do very well, only she is so cross.'—"Cross, sir? My Mary cross? Sir, you must have provoked her very much! Sir, you must yourself be quite in fault! Sir, my little girl was always the gentlest, sweetest creature born.'—"And so she was," he added, after a pause. 'She had the sweetest, the most heavenly temper, and the sweetest breath.' He remained some moments silent, and then resumed.—'When my wife was a little girl, she was obliged to pass, on her way to school, every day, under the arch of the gaol; and Hands, the gaoler of Tralee, a most gruff, uncouth-looking fellow, always made her stop and curtsy to him. She despatched the curtsy with all imaginable expedition, and ran away to school, to get out of his sight as fast as possible.' It often happened during our journeys, that after a silence that lasted for some time, O'Connell would suddenly break out with a snatch of some old ballad in Irish or English. On this day he sang out:—

I leaned my back against an oak,
I thought it was a trusty tree,
But first it bent; and then it broke—
'Twas thus my love deserted me!

I expressed some surprise that these ballad scraps should rest upon his memory. 'Oh,' replied he, 'I liked ballads of all things, when I was a boy. In 1787, I was brought to the Tralee assizes—assizes were then a great mart for all sorts of amusements, and I was greatly taken with the ballad-singers. It was then I heard two ballad-singers, a man and a woman, chanting out the ballad from which you heard me sing that verse. He sang the first two lines—she sang the third line—both together sang the fourth, and so on through the whole ballad.'"

We would further call the observant reader's attention to more than one quaint little indication of family pride—touchiness on the point of name, &c.—which augur no common amount of consciousness on the part of the hero. The assumption of Miss Edgeworth's motive set forth in the following is delicious. We give the passage also for the purpose of showing the ideas of great men with regard to occupations which they have never tried.—

"He complained that Miss Edgeworth had never advocated the Catholic claims in any of her numerous publications. I praised her Irish tales, especially her 'Absentee' and 'Ormond.'—"I don't like 'Ormond,'" said O'Connell, 'she has spoiled it by

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taking the Irish officer in the French brigade such a thorough scoundrel. And then the same she gives him—my name—Connell! I am quite sure she was guided in her selection of that name by hostility to me.—‘That I think very improbable,’ said I. ‘If such had been her motive she would have spelt the name as you do yours.’—‘Oh! that would have been too palpable.’ We spoke of a story I meant to weave into a novel.—‘I think,’ said I, ‘that you would be somewhat out of your element assisting a novelist in his compositions.’—‘Not in the least,’ he answered. ‘I was once going to write a novel myself.’—‘Indeed!—and what was your story to have been?’—‘Why, as to the story, I had not that fully determined on. But my hero was to have been a natural son of George III. by Hannah Lightfoot, the Quaker mistress. The youth was to have been early taken from his mother; and I meant to make him a student at Douay, and thence to bring him, through various adventures, to the West Indies. He was to be a soldier of fortune—to take a part in the American war—and to come back finally to England, imbued with republican principles.’

Surely the above fancy is nearly as characteristic as the conceit petted so lovingly by Sydney Smith of the novel that *he* was to write: in which a love affair betwixt the curate and the pew-opener was to "furnish forth" the mystery and the pathos. But we may be excused from doubting if O'Connell could by invention have exceeded the good stories for which he had but to draw on his memory:—such, for instance, as the following.—

"One of his odd stories was about a Miss Hussey, to whom her father bequeathed 150*l.* per annum, in consideration of her having an ugly nose. 'He had made a will,' said O'Connell, 'disposing of the bulk of his fortune to public charities. When he was upon his death-bed, his housekeeper asked him how much he had left Miss Mary?' He replied that he had left her 1,000*l.*, which would do for her very well, if she made off any sort of a good husband. 'Heaven bless your honour!' cried the housekeeper, 'and what decent man would ever take her with the nose she gets?'—'Why, that is really very true,' replied the dying father: 'I never thought of her nose;' and he lost no time in adding a codicil, that gave Miss Mary an addition of 150*l.* a-year as a set-off against her ugliness.' He gave a humorous sketch of the mode in which a country friar had, in 1813, announced a meeting on the Veto: 'Now, *ma boughali*,' said the friar, 'you haven't got gumption, and should therefore be guided by them that have. This meeting is all about the veto, d'y e see. And now, as none of y e know what the veto is, I'll just make it all as clear as a whistle to yez. The veto, yu see, is a Latin word, *ma boughali*, and none of yez understands Latin. But I will let you know all the ins and outs of it, boys, if yu'll only just listen to me now. The veto is a thing that—You see, boys, the veto is a thing that—that the meeting on Monday is to be held about. (Here there were cheers, and cries of 'hear! hear!') The veto is a thing that—in short, boys, it's a thing that has puzzled wiser people than any of yez! In short, boys, as none of yez are able to comprehend the veto, I needn't take up more of your time about it now; but I'll give you this piece of advice, boys: just go to the meeting, and listen to Councillor O'Connell, and just do whatever he bids yez, boys!' "

"We breakfasted at Mr. Clancy's house, at Charleville. Mr. O'Connell talked away for the amusement of the party who had assembled to meet him. "It was once," he said, "counsel for a cow-stealer, who was clearly convicted—the sentence was transportation for fourteen years. At the end of that time he returned, and happening to meet me, he began to talk about the trial. I asked him how he always managed to steal the fat cows; to which he gravely answered:—"Why then I'll tell your honour the worst secret of that, sir. Whenever your honour goes to steal a cow, always go on the worst night you can, and if the weather is very bad, the chances are that nobody will be up to see your honour. The way you'll always know the fat cattle in the dark is by this token—that the fat cows always stand out in their most exposed places," but the lean ones always go into the ditch for shelter." So, continued O'Connell,

'I got that lesson in cow-stealing gratis from my worthy client.'"

"Among the Liberator's professional reminiscences was the following unique instance of a client's gratitude. He had obtained an acquittal; and the fellow, in the ecstasy of his joy, exclaimed, 'Ogh, Counsellor! I've no way *here* to show your honour my gratitude! but *I wish I saw you knocked down in my own parish*, and maybe I wouldn't bring a faction to the rescue!'"

We seem—like Dr. Primrose in the prison—to have heard some of “this learning,” before; but even if it should prove twice-told few will call it tedious. For much more matter no less pleasant and popular, our readers must refer to the volumes:—which are commendable as seasonable summer ware.

Odes of Klopstock. From 1747 to 1780. Translated from the German. By William Nind, Fellow of St. Peter's College, &c. London, Pickering.

It may be doubted whether for some time past Klopstock has had many readers, even in his own country. Indeed, it appears from Goethe's observations in the 'Dichtung und Wahrheit,' that the applause with which the poet was honoured towards the close of his literary career had already begun to partake of the character of gratitude for his services done in asserting the independence of the German Muse, rather than of enthusiasm from any actual delight in the poems that had been the harbingers of a new era. Incontestable as are his merits in other respects, this, we apprehend, will now be regarded as his chief claim to enduring praise. The course of German poetry—which, with the powerful aid of Lessing, he did so much to free from the restraint of foreign models—when once turned into a more national channel, became in a few years so broad, bright, and rapid, that the first flowings of the new movement could hardly fail to seem tame and narrow in comparison. The very language itself, in the poems of Voss, Bürger, Herder, Schiller, and, above all, Goethe, assumed a new fluency and music, of which the best strains of Klopstock hardly afforded a promise. The productions of the golden noon of German letters, indeed, grew so rapidly in all directions, and became so varied and exciting, that it was difficult to admire without reserve, and not always easy to do justice, even, to the productions of its colder dawn.

Still, the father of modern German poetry must be viewed with respect by all who do him the bare justice of studying what he has written. His readers can never have been those who merely seek amusement in works of imagination. In all that Klopstock wrote there prevails a certain severity of manner, which, in his best moments, was allied with an enthusiasm rising towards the sublime, when he sang of the religious themes that deeply possessed his being, or uttered his patriotic emotions. At others, when less happily inspired, he was apt to fall into dryness, and became somewhat tedious, if not pedantic. The 'Messiah,' although the most conspicuous, is not the one of his performances that will be most generally pleasing throughout even to attentive readers of serious poetry. They will attach themselves to some of the finer passages and episodes, and remember them with the applause which these deserve:—but it will be by his Odes that Klopstock must hope to descend most surely to posterity.

Great, however, as is the merit of these last-mentioned compositions in a certain dignified and sententious way, we must think it was rather a daring enterprise to undertake, as Mr. Nind has done, to render the greater part of them into English. Of the subjects of Klopstock's Odes,

many are now too remote from our interests and our day to touch any of the feelings to which they were immediately addressed;—and in a time when zealous students of poetry can scarcely be found anywhere, and readers, even, of that which does not supply instant entertainment are but few, we do not apprehend that a translator of Klopstock can expect to have the effect of his performance tried by a very numerous audience.

But those who do feel interest enough in the chaste and serious moods of poetry to possess themselves of the contents of Mr. Nind's book will hardly close it without feeling that it has set before them a poet of no inferior order; and those even who cannot compare the English with the original text will be inclined so far to presume in favour of the translator's skill, inasmuch as they will see that, whether following the German exactly or not, he has at all events presented them with very attractive English poems. It is, after all, a main condition in turning any work from one to another language, that it shall not fall in its new form, as compared with native works, beyond the relative level on which it stood in the original;—in other words, that what was a fine poem in its author's language, shall appear a fine poem in the foreign one. Of this condition, at least, the reader of the latter alone can judge,—and he will be apt to judge in Mr. Nind's favour. Most of the poems in this volume will justify the praise which he invokes for his original, regarded merely as English pieces.

The admirer of Klopstock in German will not, indeed, find his favourite pieces in the form which he remembers; and a nearer examination will discover instances not a few wherein a closer version of the meaning might have been attempted, had not the translator imposed on himself the task of rendering in rhymed verse what in the original is rhythmical only. Klopstock cast his Odes in the forms of the Latin metres, or in others of his own invention founded on the same prosodic principles. Mr. Nind, on the contrary, has thought it unadvisable to imitate the originals in this respect; and has substituted, for the Alcaics and other rhythmical strains of the German, something as near as could be found to the general outline of these in our rhymed and accented measures. On the whole, we are not disposed to dispute the propriety of this process,—although we generally desire the preservation, as far as possible, of the very form of a translated original. Our language does not lend itself at all kindly to metres to which the German is more easily adapted,—although even in that language, we may add, the classical have a far less engaging tone than the romantic forms of composition, and have never succeeded in displacing the latter in popular liking. But if Klopstock was to be translated at all, it is evident that he must be made to appear in the garb of English poetry, which has always refused all attempts to clothe it in the ancient Roman metres. In making this change, no doubt, some special difficulties must arise, and much that is characteristic cannot fail to be lost:—but these are disadvantages inherent to the plan of turning Klopstock into English by whatever process, and would only have given place to other and worse disadvantages had it been attempted to present him in a costume repugnant to the genius of our poetical language and unwelcome to English eyes,—for which, of course, the version is principally designed. The translator of all poetry—of lyrical poetry most especially—has always a doubt of this kind to solve;—a choice like this to make between two evils. The determination as to which should be incurred will ever remain a matter of debate:

while the only point on which all disputants in favour of different methods must agree is, that whichever course is pursued, much must inevitably be given up in a business of this kind. To us, the sovereign rule seems to be, to give in all cases as near an equivalent as the spirit of the new language will permit. Where the utmost clearness in detail is possible without injuring the spirit of the whole, we allow of no excuse for departure from strict fidelity on the score of the mere difficulty of the task. If the translator understands his business, he will in such cases, by taking sufficient pains, be able to conciliate the demands of accuracy with the poetical requisites of the whole. If he be not competent to do this, it is clear that he has undertaken an office for which he is unfit. Where the spirit and virtual life of a poem cannot be preserved with the original form in a new language, in consequence of the repulsive effect of forcing it into forms which do not belong to that language, there can be no hesitation as to the course to be pursued. Where both cannot be retained, the spirit, of course, is of more consequence than the merely formal part of the work. In deciding how to render the Klopstock metres, we think Mr. Nind found himself in the latter case of election,—inasmuch as Horatian and Sapphic strains that have had a partial life in Germany have never been kindly received in British poetry. We think he has done rightly in giving Klopstock forms which are those of the language he is now taught to speak—forms in which, had Klopstock been an English poet, he must undoubtedly have composed his Odes.

The necessity, however, in taking this course, of submitting to the requirements of rhyme, was sure to drive the translator into paraphrase. His version can rarely be termed a close one. Indeed, such is the character of many of Klopstock's pieces, that it would not be easy to render them word for word in mere prose, so as to read easily in English. He adopted, and even exaggerated at times, the inverted constructions which he found in Horace; and not a few of his strophes are of so intricate a texture, that in no language impatient of rude transpositions can they be literally reproduced. Nor can it be for the advantage of those who would know Klopstock as a poet to have such puzzling passages set before them. His merit lies in the tone and spirit which the pedantic dress merely encumbers. We do not say that Mr. Nind's version expresses the very gait and costume of the worthy North-German,—which, after all, had sometimes as much of the schoolmaster as of the poet; but what really gave him a title to the better name will be shown in such a manner as the translator has here adopted, more effectually perhaps than in any other he could have chosen for English uses.

So much for the mode of the performance. The execution may be honestly commended. Mr. Nind possesses, both in the power of writing good English verse, in the general polish and aptness of his language, and in a true sense of the tone of his author, better qualifications than are shown by most of those who amuse themselves by turning German poets into our idiom. Accordingly, it will be found that most of the poems, as they appear in this volume, are agreeable compositions; and do not by the translator's awkward stumbling at every step induce the reader to declare that the author, however praised in his own country, makes but a pitiful show in ours. In looking over the volume, we have been at times struck by a kind of resemblance between the manner of the poems, as here given, and some of the reflective class of Tennyson's pieces: the point of similarity being

a certain sober massiveness of form, full of compressed meaning, and moving with bold transitions;—a coincidence curious enough, from the different condition of the two authors, and their total dissimilarity in many other respects. It may, indeed, be imaginary, but the impression has returned more than once while we were reading Klopstock in Mr. Nind's translation.

Our first specimen is taken from the noble Monody on the death of Queen Louisa of Denmark (our George the Second's daughter), and wife of Frederick the Good,—Klopstock's generous patron and protector.—

When she whose name is heard in heaven alone,
Closed in still death her gentle eyes,
And from her throne up to a higher throne
Did in white raiment rise,

We wept! 'E'en he, whose tears did rarely come,
Turn'd pale, and shook, and wept aloud;
Who deeper felt, stood motionless and dumb,
Then wept, in silence bowed.

Weeping we worship. Since her life no more
May teach us, learn we from her death!
Learn from that wonderful and heavenly hour
When God recalled her breath.

This hour of death shall children's children keep
A fast at midnight through long years,
With hallowed musings and emotions deep,
A festival of tears!

Nor that alone: she died through many days,
And every day the death forecast,
So full of high instructions and of praise
With which she died at last.

The solemn hour drew near, in misty pall,
With which it shrouds the grave at e'en;
The Queen alone could hear the light footfall
Of those who came unseen!

Alone that night she heard the rush of wings,
Heard with a smile the death-tone sound:
Glad and triumphant be my lay that sings
That smile of peace profound.

Now thrones are nothing: nothing more is great
Of all that glitters 'neath the sun.
Twice tears-drop fall: one for her consort's fate,
And for her children one.

And for her mother, loving and beloved,
And then God only fills her breast,
The earth sinks from her as light dust removed—
And now—she sleeps in rest!

These are fine stanzas, feelingly, if not very closely, rendered. We can give the same praise to Mr. Nind's version of the noblest, perhaps, of all Klopstock's odes, the Two Muses—a poem remarkable among them for the generous confidence with which he calls up the energies of his country's muse, the living imagery in which the prophecy, an inspiration of his heart as well as of his mind, is embodied,—and also for the fulfilment, so soon to arrive, of that future the veil of which the poet at the close of his ode gracefully and wisely left to be raised by Time. The foreign reader, if not a very cold one, will hardly peruse this strain without emotion: with what feeling it must have been welcomed on its first utterance by every German, no lover of his own land will need to be told.—

The Two Muses.

I saw—oh! saw I what the present views?
Saw I the future?—for with eager soul
I saw the German with the British Muse
Flying impetuous to the goal.

Two goals before me did the prospect close,
And crowned the race. The oaks o'ershadowed one
With their deep verdure; round the other rose
Tall palms beneath the evening sun.

Used to the strife, the muse of Albion slept
Proud to the lists, as on the burning sand
With the Mæonian once, and her who kept
The Capitol, she took her stand.

Her younger rival panted as she came,
Yet panted manly: and a crimson hue
Kindled upon her cheek a noble flame;
Her golden hair behind her flew.

She strove with labouring bosom to attain
Her breath; and leant her forward to the prize:
The Herald raised his trumpet, and the plain
Swam, like a dream, before her eyes.

Proud of the bold one, of herself more proud,
The Briton with her noble glance regards
Thee, Tuisconé: Ha! in that oak wood
I grew with thee among the Bards.

But the fame reached me, that thou wert no more!
O muse! who livest while the Ages roll,
Forgive me that I learnt it not before.
Now will I learn it at the goal!

It stands before us. But the further crown
Seest thou beyond? That courage self possessed,
That silence proud, and fiery look cast down—
I know the meaning they confessed.

Yet weigh the hazard ere the Herald sound!
Was I not her competitor, who fills
Thermopylæ with song? and her's renowned
Who reigns upon the Seven Hills?

She spake. The moment of decision stern
Came with the herald. And with eyes of fire,
"I love thee," quick Teutona did return;
"I love thee, Briton, and admire."

But yet not more than immortality.
And those fair palms. Reach, if thy genius lead,
Reach them before me! but when thou dost, I
Will snatch with thee the garland meed.

And—how my heart against its barrier knocks!—
Perchance I shall be first to gain the wreath,
Shall feel behind me on my streaming locks,
The fervor of thy panting breath.

The herald sounds: they flew with eagle flight,
Behind them into clouds the dust was tossed;
I looked;—but when the oaks were passed, my sight
In dimness and the dust was lost.

The very production itself of such a poem as this at once showed that the German muse would not, at least, be dishonoured in the race. At the time when Klopstock wrote, it may be added, there was none of England's living poets that could have produced anything so high in tone and full of poetical imagination as this and others of his lyrical pieces, however some might have surpassed him in ease of manner and smoothness of verse. But in the contest between the Two Sisters, the one to whom the Past had already given Shakspeare, Milton, and a whole galaxy of other bright names, had gained an advance which it must be the task of ages, not of years, to determine if the "younger rival" will ever overtake. Since the moment when Klopstock sung this prophecy, she has indeed passed over an almost immeasurable career; but "the Briton" herself was not idle the while. During the period from Bürger to Uhland, we, too, have a list of high names, the relative claims of which to take the place of their Teutonic contemporaries, the voice of Time, as we have said, can alone decide. We should be glad to feel quite certain that England in that period produced anything at once so high and so complete as the best pieces of Schiller. We are sure that it did not produce anything which in poetic art can be placed on the level of Goethe's master-works.

That part of Klopstock's national poems which Gervinus terms the Bardic, not a few of which Mr. Nind has had the industry to translate, must, we fear, be given up as unreadable. In the warmth of his patriotism the worthy poet was bent upon an experiment which others have tried, and which, so far, has never yet had a living success—the attempt, namely, to claim for the mythology and traditions of the North the place in modern poetry that was so long held by Greece and Latium. His attempt to efface Olympus by the Valhalla, has only resulted, as all such trials have yet done, in producing a texture of harsh names and allusions that all men must now study in order to comprehend—so entirely have they ceased to be any living part of national remembrance or allusion. This, and not any lack of poetical matter in the forms of the old belief itself, rugged and savage as most of them were—is surely the prime cause of the hopelessness of their revival. The Gothic and Scandinavian lore of our ancestors is lost to the popular mind: and no machinery that we must labour to understand will ever move in poetry. To inquire the several causes that preserved in

* These merely Latin constructions we apprehend are not allowable; however near to the manner of the original text, they will hardly be intelligible to ordinary readers. "Was I not rival unto her?"—would have been equally expressive, and purer English.

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Christian Europe a traditional poetic existence to the classic superstitions would lead us too far away from our chief topic here. It is sufficient to say that the spirit of beauty with which they are instinct was not the only cause of their marvellous length of life in the poetry of all modern nations,—and that their expiring breath is not by any process of effort to be stolen for the revival of another superstition far less lovely, and utterly dead to us, ever since the rise of modern letters. Our future machinery, from whencesoever it may hereafter come, will be sought in vain in the Edda.

Of these Bardic Odes we shall not give any specimens. Nor can we undertake to offer copious instances of another class, in which the poet's inspiration is far more genial and sublime. This is one of his sacred lyrics, which the translator, departing from his usual plan, has not presented in rhyme:—it will be found to suffer little in melody from the want of that embellishment, while it has probably gained in faithfulness. Still, there is a certain dryness in the effect of the unrhymed metre which justifies the preference generally shown by Mr. Nind for the usual ornaments of English verse.

Glorious to God supreme! the First, the Father
Of all creation! whom our stammering psalms
Would praise: though He is wonderful
Beyond the aim of speech and thought.

A flame from off the altar by the throne
Hath streamed into our souls. And we rejoice
With heavenly joy, both that we are,
And that Him, wondering, we admire!

Glorious to Him from dwellers 'mid the Tombs!
Though on the lowest step of His high Throne
The archangel's diadem, cast down,
Rings with the rapture of his song.

Glorious, and thanks, and praise to the Supreme!
The First, whose years began not, nor shall end;
Who gave to dwellers in the dust
Beginning, but no end, of days.

Glorious to Him, the Wonderful, who sowed
The Ocean of Infinity with worlds!
And filled them with undying hosts
To love Him, and in Him be blest.

All glory, glory, glory be to Thee!
O'er all supreme, before all creatures first,
The Father of the Universe,
Unspeaking and unconceived!

We shall conclude with one more extract, in that grave and sublime tone of reflection in which perhaps Klopstock's peculiar genius rose to the highest perfection of which it was capable. These stanzas will be felt to breathe the deep convictions of a soul that expanded its fullest powers in the warmth of religious contemplation,—and found in it not only a source of solemn inspiration, but the perpetual employment of earnest thought. Indeed, it would not be easy to point out a composition of the kind more pregnant with both than this poem, entitled—

Tranquillity.

Loud from hoar time through all the clefts it rung,
Through all the labyrinths of wisdom's laws;
By which she seeks the fount whence all things sprung—
"Nought is without its cause."

Nought? Is not God, I ween?
Then cry they, guided by no certain clue,
"God to himself the cause has been"—
Their cries it irks me to renew.

He—so we list of the Unspeaking—
Being of Beings, owns no primal source;
But look above, beneath, around, and tell
How causes take from him their hidden course.

To things created with a living soul,
The secret of their strength—a freeborn will—
Is the Creator's crown-work of the whole,
That he may mark us meet for good or ill.

That he may mark!
For we, of finite mind,
Pass on ourselves so blind
A judgment dark.

Diverse to Spirits is the power of Thought,
They stand on higher, now on lower grade;
Diverse their freedom: these hath genius taught
To soar, and those stand feeble and afraid.

True freedom is the fount of far resolve,
Which even the Allwise forecasts not in the bud,
But ever working while the years revolve,
He guides it to the universal good.

Praise Him who sits not in reflective rest,
But in perpetual agency is blest;
And from the fount of our volition leads
At will the ocean of our moral deeds.

O boundless Ocean! how thy waves reply
And thunder through all worlds! and when He will
He walks thy billows, who can raise them high,
And lay them still!

Praise! that my soul is free,
Praise to the Sire above:—
But what were freedom's self to me,
Could I my God not know, my God not love!

For lighter instances of Klopstock's earliest manner, which was in a great measure a reproduction of his Horatian model,—on subjects, however, prompted by a warmer friendship, more sober reflection, and a purer love than the Roman poet's,—we must refer the reader, whom the extracts already given will have invited, to Mr. Nind's volume. Of the translator it will be seen we think very favourably. He has brought to his task an elegant pen and many of those other accomplishments without which no foreign work of poetry,—least of all lyrical poetry—can be even tolerably rendered in a new language. He has the proper feeling of his original and a masculine command of the treasures of our own speech. He has taken pains, if not to follow the author as closely as possible at every step—at least to pursue his general march and manner; and imitates him on the whole very adequately, taking into account the difference of treatment required for a virtual, as distinguished from a literal, representation in the forms of another idiom. This method of translation is not, indeed, without its risks:—it is apt to run into licence, unless directed by good taste and restrained by a careful regard for the original; it also requires that the translator shall himself be gifted with original poetical powers as well as instinct with a sensitive feeling of the poetry of others. To express, therefore, an opinion that Mr. Nind has well performed a task undertaken on this principle, is to describe him as an exception to the common order of interpreters of German poetry, that deserves to be duly commended.

A History of the Royal Society. With Memoirs of the Presidents. By C. R. Weld.

[Second Notice.]

WE proceed, now, to a few of the specific points in Mr. Weld's book. One chapter is devoted to an account of the connexion of the Society with Mr. Babbage's Calculating Machine, and of the reception and abandonment of that project by the Government. Mr. Babbage has assisted by allowing Mr. Weld to use his own unpublished statement and to see all the original documents. Accordingly, though the account is nominally Mr. Weld's it must be looked on as really proceeding from Mr. Babbage. It is only a statement of facts:—to which we may hereafter recur in a separate article.

We will not go over Mr. Weld's work in the order of time; but will begin with a comment on the reign of Sir Joseph Banks—perhaps the most autocratic president the Society ever had. Mr. Weld is a greater admirer of Sir Joseph than we can pretend to be. Let us break the thread with an anecdote.—

"One article which belonged to Sir Joseph Banks the Society possess; and I am led to mention this in consequence of an amusing anecdote connected with it, related to me by Mr. Babbage, which I have not seen in print. The article in question is a very delicate balance, constructed by Ramsden. Upon the decease of Sir Joseph Banks, the Secretaries wrote to his widow, apprising her that the balance was lying in the apartments of the Society, and requesting to know her wishes respecting it: 'Pay it into Court's,' was her ladyship's reply."

Sir Joseph governed the Society skilfully; and he knew the importance of beginning from the beginning. He interfered in the election

of Fellows;—as all the world of science knows, and Mr. Weld admits by a quotation from Lord Brougham. Our author defends Sir Joseph by reminding us that the elections had in his day become too indiscriminate, and assuring us that the President had a good and regular rule. This was, never to admit any but those who could be useful to the Society either by science or by station. Thus, he relates that Dr. Vaughan, a fashionable physician, was refused as not of the former character; but was admitted for his wealth when he inherited a fortune and became Sir Henry Halford! This is a curious instance—and quite enough for the condemnation of the system. The rule has, however, prevailed down to the present time. Let a man have a little science for his claim—and it has been the custom to watch his election carefully, and reject him if he had not enough: let him have none at all—and he could creep in on a moderate show of station or wealth (good fame, we must do the Society the justice to say, being always requisite). The reader will perhaps ask whether this curious law arose from Pope's fear of a little learning (in which case the Society should have been divided into *Drink-deeps* and *Taste-nots*)—or was in imitation of Louis the Fourteenth of France, who thought a Jansenist not religious enough to hold office under him, but gave way as soon as he heard that the party he had questioned was an absolute atheist. The rule, we rather think, had an origin different from either of these principles. Science and money were both indispensable to the Society; which possessed small funds over and above the payment of its Fellows. It resorted, therefore, to two classes of Fellows—one to work and pay, the other to pay and not work. The mischief was that both classes were allowed to pass under one name and one reputation.

To return to Sir Joseph Banks. There is a circumstance about his domination of the elections which Mr. Weld does not mention—and perhaps did not know. Whenever he dared, he made it a preliminary understanding that the candidate should afterwards vote with him. We know those who had it from the lips of a gentleman well known to science, a man of no mean reputation in it, and who never was a Fellow of the Royal Society—that the reason why he could not enter that body in his working day was as follows. He received from Sir Joseph a message, requesting, in flattering terms, that he would become a Fellow—but adding, that it would be expected that he should support the President. We know another instance, in which the same offer was declined because the party addressed was aware of what would be expected from him. We believe the matter was tolerably notorious. And it was openly stated by one of the secretaries of the Society, who had twice refused to blackball at Sir Joseph's request, that the President had addressed him as follows:—"You will observe, Sir, that this is the second time you have voted contrary to my desire; perhaps, sir, this may be a business for the Council." Mr. Weld gives a good account of the dispute relative to Dr. Hutton and the foreign secretaryship;—the occasion on which the speech just quoted was made.

The presidency of Banks and the occupation of rooms in Somerset House began nearly together. The old house in Crane Court, so long the scene of the Society's meetings, is now to be pulled down—we hope—to make way for the new Record Office. Mr. Weld gives a print of the old meeting-room, and one of the present. Now for an anecdote. Here is absolute mythology, invented in our own day.—

"During the first months of my residence in So-

meset House, I was considerably surprised by invariably seeing the visitors cross the quadrangle in a straight line, and planting themselves within a convenient distance of the opposite wall, gaze eagerly upwards, pointing always to one spot which presents no architectural decoration, and, in fact, only forms part of the plain wall. Utterly unable to solve this riddle, I applied to an older resident for an explanation. He smiled at my query, and asked had I never heard of the watch. On my answering in the negative, he told me the following traditionary story. When the wall, to which I have alluded, was being built, a workman had the misfortune to fall from the scaffolding, and was arrested in his descent by his watch-chain catching some portion of it. Thus wonderfully preserved, his gratitude led him (he must have been a Milesian) to insert his watch into the face of the wall as a memento of his escape. So runs the story; how traditionary in its origin, may be judged by the fact, that the watch-face was placed in its present situation, some years ago, by the Royal Society, as a meridian mark for a portable transit instrument in one of the windows of the ante-room.*

What can we say which shall, with—we do not say, sufficient, but—not utterly incommensurate show of dignity, usher in the mace of the Society—even as the mace itself doth usher in the President? Many of our readers are aware that the President marches in with not merely a bauble carried before him,—but what was, till lately, universally believed to be the bauble, the very mace which stern old Cromwell ordered to be removed from the House of Commons. How should this have been otherwise? If the Royal Society cannot even set up a meridian mark without a tale hanging from it in less than a quarter of a century, still less could its mace be expected to march before all Presidents, from Newton downwards, without a myth. The demolition of this story is due to Mr. Weld:—how could the Society think of putting a barrister into that post? He proved, distinctly and separately, first, that this mace is not the one cashiered by Cromwell,—secondly, that it is another. Each half of his position supports itself independently (this is true without a jest), and the two together are irresistible. As to the thing itself, a meeting of philosophers playing at mace is, of course, grand; but the effect is spoilt by their showing that they do not understand the laws of equilibrium. That a mace requires to be balanced by a train-bearer is clear enough to the meanest capacity.

Mr. Weld has introduced much amusing matter by way of collateral illustration of places or persons connected with his subject. For example, the Society used at one time to dine at the Devil Tavern.—

"This Devil Tavern, on the site now occupied by Child's Place, was the resort of several of the wits and literati of the day. At Dulwich College are preserved some of Ben Jonson's Memoranda, which prove that he owed much of his inspiration to good wine, and the convivial hours he passed at the Devil Tavern. 'Mem. I laid the plot of my *Foypone*, and wrote most of it, after a present of ten dozen of palm-sack from my very good Lord T—'; that play I am positive will live to posterity and be acted, when I and Envy be friends, with applause.'—'Mem. The first speech in my *Catalina* spoken by Sylla's Ghost, was writ after I parted with my friend at the Devil Tavern: I had drank well that night, and had brave notions. There is one scene in that play which I think is flat. I resolve to drink no more water with my wine.'—'Mem. Upon the 20th May, the King (Heaven reward him!) sent me 100*l*. At that time I often went to the Devil, and before I had spent forty of it wrote my *Alchymist*.'"

The following is a curious anecdote of Currency. The Society had exhausted its means (1685) by publishing Willoughby's '*Historia*

Piscium,'—and were obliged to make the book represent the money which they had paid for it.—

"It is recorded in the Minutes of Council, that the arrears of salary due to Hooke and Halley were resolved to be paid by copies of Willoughby's work. Halley appears to have assented to this unusual proposition, but Hooke wisely 'desired six months' time to consider of the acceptance of such payment.' The publication of the *Historia Piscium*, in an edition of 500 copies, cost the Society 400*l*. * * When the Society resolved on Halley's undertaking to measure a degree of the earth, it was voted that 'he be given 50*l*, or fifty books of fishes.'"

This one story is an illustration of the vigour with which the Society fought against adverse circumstances and struggled through its century of poverty. We have no doubt that it is to the hardihood of the men who brought the Society through that we owe the possibility of an association supported by private funds. Nowhere except in England or in the States of America has such a body lasted any time without government support in yearly sums of money. We may be apt to think that our habits would, as a matter of course, have led to the state of things which we now see—and we may be very wrong. If the Royal Society had died of inanition, as it would have done if it had not had the best and strongest friends that any Society ever had, it is most probable that we should now have been employed either in advocating an infant Society or in proving from former failures that no such thing was practicable. It is the memory of these things that supports the Royal Society of our day,—and would support it even though it were to leave lords, dukes, and knights of the garter to Debbett & Co. At the very time when all its funds were invested in fish, the Society wrested the *Principia* from the hands of Newton, and procured its publication, Halley paying the expenses. We owe the promulgation of Newton's great discoveries to the manner in which the existence of the Society strengthened the hands of Halley.

No body possesses so miscellaneous a collection of memorials of a great man as the Royal Society does of Newton:—a telescope made by his own hands—the sun-dials which he cut on the wall when a boy (carefully taken out and presented by Mr. Turner)—three oil portraits—many papers and letters, from the manuscript of the *Principia* to a direction to buy South-Sea Stock—a lock of his hair—and a cast of his face, taken after death by Rouilliac. As to the last, of which a drawing is given, Mr. Weld says:—

"For this truly interesting relic the Fellows are indebted to Samuel Hunter Christie, Esq., Secretary to the Society, and Professor of Mathematics at the Royal Military Academy at Woolwich, who presented it to them, in the year 1839. The history of this mask, as related to me by Mr. Christie, is extremely curious. Being desirous of purchasing a bust of Sir Isaac Newton, Mr. Christie entered the shop of a dealer in statues in Tichborne Street. To Mr. Christie's question, whether he had any bust of the philosopher to dispose of, the dealer replied, that though he had no bust, he had an old mask of Newton, which his father had purchased fifty or sixty years before, at the sale of Rouilliac's effects, and which he had kept on his shelves amongst various articles of his trade. It was evident that the dealer regarded the relic as little better than useless lumber, and this is confirmed by his having consented to dispose of it for a few shillings. Mr. Christie, having borne off his prize, had a few casts taken from it, and subsequently enjoyed the great satisfaction of placing it in a repository, not only the most fitted for its reception, but where it will be hallowed and preserved with religious care as long as the Royal Society exists. Though much injured by rough treatment, it will be seen by those who are acquainted with the authentic portraits of Newton, that the mask, which is copied in the annexed drawing pre-

sents the characteristic features of the Society's former illustrious President."

Mr. Weld has taken great and successful pains to procure information on the lives of the different Presidents;—of whom he has given the first complete series of biographies. A chequered list they make,—of all degrees of fame. Who now knows Hoskyns, Wych, Southwell, Burrow, or West? The Royal Observatory has been more fortunate. Of the chain of Astronomers Royal,—Flamsteed, Halley, Bradley, Bliss, Maskelyne, Pond, Airy, are all, except Bliss (who died soon after his appointment), names which are frequent in the mouth of the astronomer.

Our readers are perhaps prepared by the mace to form a high estimate of the distance between the Society in conclave assembled and the world without: let them further be informed that the *Charter* empowers the President to wear his hat while in the chair,—though the custom has fallen into disuse. Further, at the meetings—

"As soon as the President, or in his absence, a Vice-President, takes the Chair, the Mace is placed upon the table before him. He then reads the names of those individuals who desire on the introduction of Fellows, to attend the Meeting, and who, on leave being granted, are admitted into the Meeting Room from the ante-chamber, where they are in waiting."

The question naturally suggests itself,—Does any man of common self-respect, not being a Fellow, ever attend a meeting of the Royal Society? We remember that Dr. Granville, in his '*Science without a Head*,' mentions this; and adds that the permitted, as soon as the meeting has conferred that title, walk in, and take their places on benches apart. These usages may have been necessary at the time when the man of fashion delighted in the name of Buck, or Mohawk, and would have thought it a fine thing to go and "kick up a row" among the philosophers and their glass bottles. But does the Society tell us now that it is not safe to trust their Fellows with the permission to introduce a visitor into the evening meetings? If so, it ought to be part of the ceremonial of that less important body, society with a little s, that no Fellow of "the Royal" should ever bring one friend to the house of another without written notice and time to answer. We submit to the Society whether it would not be advisable to let this usage follow the President's hat. We should be prepared to expect that, if ever a man of gross and vulgar mind should happen to find his way into the list of Fellows, this piece of assumption would make him give himself airs towards the strangers whom he might happen to meet there.

Mr. Weld is evidently rather inclined to believe than to admit the celebrated rumour of Sir John Pringle declining to alter the laws of Nature at the request of George the Third. We have no doubt that the story is substantially true: namely, that the King did press it on the President as a personal request, that he would induce the Royal Society to declare for blunt against pointed conductors—and that the President pleaded the laws of Nature. The version which floated through men's mouths is rather too pithy:—"K. Geo. I hope, Sir John, you don't intend to let those rascally Americans beat us on this question?—*P.R.S.* Please your Majesty, I can't alter the laws of Nature.—*K. Geo.* Then, Sir John, you had better resign!" An excellent plea in abatement is that Peter Pindar, who was more likely to have invented such a story than to have suppressed it if current, gives a much more modest and less dramatic account. "On the birthday, His Majesty desired Sir John to give it to the world as the opinion of the Royal

* Captain Smyth informs me that he assisted in mounting this instrument, and perfectly recollects seeing the watch-face placed against the opposite wall."

Society President his power Sovereign fore reply King from opinion Nature, [Banks signed This te valuable requesti so far it sident's who nee however —name story m the Soc which p the set ledge e without the Pro threw a 1778) stood th express desiring a sharp where, by dire "In directed since its in large in the propose no reas Commit This sh Pringle the Pre fact, the weak i of Susu up Sir votes they w Royal influen With history which Science "He stitution changes to som notice v returne to the James against ciety; against The d work bage's Mr. B James forme prove no att been r Mr. known nesses recom digest usefu no do

Society that Dr. Franklin was wrong. The President replied, like a man, that it was not in his power to reverse the order of Nature. The Sovereign could not easily see that,—and therefore repeated his commands. Teased by the King from time to time to oppose the decided opinion of the rebellious Franklin and the laws of Nature, and constantly barked at by Sir Joseph [Banks] and his moth-hunting phalanx, he resigned the chair, and returned to Scotland!" This testimony of the contemporary satirist is valuable, because it does not hint at the King's requesting Sir John Pringle's resignation; and so far it confirms the account given by the President's friend and biographer, Dr. Kippis,—who never heard of any such thing. It seems, however, that, with the exception of this clause,—namely, the suggestion of resignation,—the story must stand; and it is very honourable to the Society that in this, the sole instance in which power has endeavoured to interfere for the settlement of a question of natural knowledge on political grounds, the attempt was without success. Nor was the attack made on the President only. The Board of Ordnance threw a shell into the Society, by writing (May, 1778) to the Secretary, that they had understood that the Report of the Committee did not express the opinion of the whole body,—and desiring to have the latter. The Society, after a sharp debate,—for power has its friends everywhere,—returned the fire with silencing effect, by directing the Secretary to write as follows:

"In answer to your letter of the 19th May I am directed to inform you, that the Society has never since its first institution given an opinion as a body at large, but constantly by Committees. And that in the particular instance of the questions lately proposed by the Board of Ordnance, the Society has no reason to be dissatisfied with the report of its Committee."

This should always be cited with the story of Pringle—as showing that the Society, as well as the President, stuck by the laws of Nature. In fact, the element of resistance has never been weak in this body. At the time when the Duke of Sussex was elected President, those who set up Sir John Herschel against him mustered 111 votes against 119; though it is certain that they were opposed, not merely by the effect of Royal name, but by the active exercise of Royal influence.

With this election Mr. Weld concludes his history:—just embracing the stormy time at which Mr. Babbage published his 'Decline of Science.' In this work, says Mr. Weld,—

"He animadverted in strong terms upon the constitution of the Royal Society, and proposed several changes for its amelioration. This publication led to some discussion in the Council, but no public notice was taken of it; and the usual thanks were returned to the author for a copy which he presented to the Society. In the following November, Sir James South published a pamphlet entitled 'Charges against the President and Council of the Royal Society,' which contained accusations of a grave nature against the administration of the Society."

The description given of Sir James South's work would as well have applied to Mr. Babbage's. The difference between the two is, that Mr. Babbage entered upon his case; but Sir James South only made his charges, and informed his readers that he stood pledged to prove them—and, as Mr. Weld properly notices, no attempt at the redemption of this pledge has been made to this day.

Mr. Weld's work will make the Society better known, as well in its strength as in its weaknesses,—and will do it good in both ways. We recommend him to keep an eye upon it, and to digest at leisure the additions which may be useful in a second edition,—to which we have no doubt it will come. We hope he will not be

moved to erase anything or to refrain from collecting, through fear of being blamed for introducing trivialities. Slight things are valuable in chronicle, when it is clearly stated whence they come.—We must not forget to thank Mr. Weld for his excellent index.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

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The Kellys and the O'Kellys, by A. Trollope, 3 vols. post 8vo. 31s. 6d.
Williams's (J. D.) Companion Book to Blackstone, 8vo. 12s. cl.

A LIFE EPISODE.

—Of which the reader may believe just as much as he chooses—though, for my part, I believe it all. Not its mere outside garb—the drapery in which we pen-artists enfold our model-truths, which we may arrange exactly as we please—but the deep world-wide verity of human feeling that lies beneath, and is eternally the same.

The man whose life-episode I purpose here to enfold, was one whom you might have met any day in a London street, park, or omnibus, and not have known that he was different from other men. Perhaps, reader, when you peruse this episode you will be astonished that I thus take from its hero every romantic accessory that could throw a halo around him, and reconcile in a degree the strange mingling of real and ideal which overshadows him. I might have clothed him in a Roman toga, instead of plain broadcloth. I might have placed his existence in the dark ages where mysteries abounded. But, no!

—Life is as true, as earnest, as full of wild romance and deep spirituality in these so-called matter-of-fact days as in those upon which we look back through the all-hallowing shadows of the past. Is not the inward life of every one a mystery?—The poet whom you meet looking just like any other man—ready to dine, to talk about the weather or the state of Europe; yet the next day, when in your solitude you glance over his silent page—the inner depths of whose heart, mingling with yours, lift your soul into communion with the Infinite. The artist with whom you may shake hands and interchange ordinary chat; and anon, looking at whose work, you become transported into the glorious ideal world which his genius has created, in which "the shadowy people of the realm of dream" grow visible. Are not these things mysterious?—aye, as deep and strange as were ever dealt in by necromancers of old?

Therefore, let the reader not start at the contrast which may jar against his sense of the supernatural when I take for my hero a man of this age in every respect. His name is—no, he shall have a feigned name; the same as the mournful mother-queen Marguerite gave to her new-born babe at Damietta.—Tristan. It suits well,—for this man was one most sorrowful. Let him, then, be Tristan.

He was a man weighed down by cares,—what these were it is needless here to relate. You may meet, as I have said, his likeness many a time in London streets; and in the faded dress, the heavy listless gait,—the eye which never seeks the sky but always the ground,—as if there alone were rest,—you may recognize a brother to whom life has been full

of thorns. Oh, be thankful and rejoice if your hand has planted none for him or for his fellows!

Tristan walked along in the soft sunny light of a June evening—a time most joyous in country lanes and fields, but in London bringing only sadness. He passed through the dull close West-end streets—where the heated air was never stirred by one fresh evening breeze, and not a shade of the glorious sunset was visible save one faint golden sparkle on a church tower near. Tristan saw neither gloom nor light. His eyes were blinded—his heart was pressed down—with misery.

He found himself crossing the green sward towards the Serpentine River. It glittered in the sun-light, like a beacon,—and his eyes were opened now. He saw it; he would have rushed towards it with the speed of a hunted deer flying to a distant shelter,—but he dared not. It seemed as if every passer-by cried out to him—"Man, whither goest thou?"

The answer to that question belonged not to time, but to eternity.

Tristan felt as if each eye were directed to him in this mute inquiry—which, look where he would, he could not escape. There was not a lad who went whistling past, not a milliner girl tripping lightly with her burden, that did not seem in this man's disordered fancy to be an accusing spirit, knowing his purpose and taunting him with it. To elude this, he went a long way round—and reached the bridge just when the sun had set. He tried to lounge upon it as he saw other people do, watching the cockney-Waltonians who pursued their harmless amusement in the twilight. His eyes rested on each tiny float; and his wandering thoughts followed the line down, down, to the deep bed of the river. What was there?

He could not answer that:—he hardly tried. All that he felt was, that it must be a place of stillness, and coldness, and silence:—he sought nothing more. Even the blueness which the still bright sky cast within it was painful; he wanted it dark—all dark. He could not enter the portals of that home while a ray of light rested on them—while one worldly sound broke above them. There was yet near him a murmur of boyish talk and laughter, and a robin sang in one of the distant trees. He would wait—wait until night and its stars should be the only witnesses of the great change.

Tristan sat down underneath the parapet of the bridge. A man passed by, and looked at him, seeming to wonder what he was doing there. So he took out of his pocket a biscuit and pretended to eat. Then a woman crossed, leading a sickly child,—who gazed wistfully at the food. Tristan gave his morsel to the famished boy.

"Now the world owes me more than it would fain bestow—a crust of bread!" thought he; and he felt a savage pride in the reflection.

Colder and darker came on the night,—and Tristan waited still. A dreaminess, a torpor seemed to cramp his energies, making them unequal even to that last effort of all. A mist was over his eyes; yet still he saw through its gathering folds the dark waving ghostly trees—the stars overhead and the calm rippling waves below.

As, uncertain still, he seemed to lean over the parapet, he felt it give way. A shudder—an unconscious and vain effort to spring back—and the waters had drawn him in. The terrible refuge which he sought had of itself opened its doors to receive him—and there was no retreat!

As in dreams we sometimes feel ourselves plunging deeper and deeper into an abyss which we know to be fathomless and yet experience no terror, no pain,—so Tristan sank. He seemed to feel the cool dark waters above him, around him, folding him in an embrace which he knew was that of death—and yet the parting of soul and body brought no agony. He thought it would have been a terrible pang,—but it felt only like the loosening of a burthen—the putting off of a robe. He would not believe in the reality of the immortal change.

Tristan felt himself rising up—up to the surface of the river. A faint idea haunted him that it was always so with the drowning; whom the wave tauntingly casts forth once or twice,—giving a chance of life before it swallows them in for ever. He might have one more sight of the real world, before entering into the land of shadows, on whose verge he stood,

He could not reconcile to himself the truth that he had already passed through the eternal gate—for he had yet powers of thought and sense. He heard the murmur of the little waves—and saw the stars shining through the waters.

He reached the surface—he resolved to make one struggle and raise himself from that dark abyss. But there was no need. As easily as a winged thought, Tristan felt himself disengaged from the waters and floating above them with the lightness of a bird. Then he knew that the mysterious change had indeed passed over him:—that he was no longer a living man, but a spirit.

And there, wafted powerlessly to and fro by the eddies of the river with a motion that awfully simulated life, lay the thing which had been Tristan! The soul shuddered as it looked upon that dead form:—it knew then what was the guilt of murder. Aye, though this had been its own mortal dwelling-place which it had destroyed, or wished to destroy, still it was murder! How dared he to make stiff and helpless the hand which might have aided a human brother—which had responded to many a friendly clasp? How dared he to darken with that terrible glazed stare the orbs into which but three hours ago beloved and most loving eyes had looked, seeing there a reflected image—knowing well that as that image dwelt in his eyes so it dwelt in his heart, and blest in that knowledge?—to cast among the dark weeds the bright hair where her fingers had a right to stray—the lips which hers had a right to press? Oh! it was a sin, a deadly sin; and he—the spirit of the dead Tristan—felt it to be so, now. Parted from its mortality—from that chain which by the might of the senses had dragged it down from all higher impulses,—the soul knew wherein it had erred. Yet something of the selfishness of its earthly nature encumbered it still.

"It was a bitter and a heartless world to me!" thought he—for the spirit of Tristan was Tristan still;—"I ever sought for good therein, and found none. My friends tempted me with kindness, and left me to starve; my very flesh and blood set their faces against me; I doubted Love itself—and had I not cause? And now, what soul is there living that thinks of the one this night thrust into the dark land of nothingness?—Would I knew."

And with that desire came the knowledge of all the power that is possessed by a disembodied spirit. The shadow floated on the wings of the night over the sleeping city; and found itself at the entrance of a house to which Tristan had crept not twelve hours before—a blot of insignificant misery on its stately threshold—a butt for the underlings' ill-concealed scorn. So deemed he then;—and a rejoicing pride thrilled through the spirit now, as, defying all human power, all bars of pomp and ceremony, he passed into the innermost chamber. The man he sought sat there, with his wife by his side.

Tristan had never seen that face but when its lines were made harsh by the pressure of worldly cares. He could hardly believe it was the same that now wore a pleasant, kindly smile—or that the voice which now chatted about lively domestic nothings was the very tone that sounded so cautious and severe among the array of ledgers and cheque-books in a little dark office. Yet there they were; the cold man of business and his fashionable wife, looking contented, home-like, affectionate—talking together after the day was done. Even among the dazzling splendours of that luxurious abode shone the little glow-worm lamp of domestic love.

The lady was taking out her watch—"My dear, I think we have had talk enough for to-night. Only before we go to bed I just wanted to know about that poor young man who came as we were going out to dinner—Tristan, was it not?"

"Yes: the wild scapegrace of a fellow—so proud, there is no doing anything for him. And yet I would help him if I could, for his dead father's sake."

"What did he come for?"

"I could hardly make out; for he stopped me in the hall, and I told him to come to-morrow, for I was busy (and you know, Emma, how that matter of poor Williamson's bankruptcy had occupied me all day). But young Tristan spoke so fiercely—almost threateningly—that it vexed me; and I told him he had better not call again until he could treat with civility the best friend he had."

"Poor fellow! perhaps he was in want," said the lady gently; "he looked wild and haggard as he darted past the carriage."

"I never thought of that. Dear me! I wish now that I had waited a minute. But he has a brother pretty well off in the world, who would keep him from poverty."

"But you will do something for him, Edward?"

"Certainly, my love. I intended to speak to Hill & Venables next week about a vacancy they have in their office. I will go there to-morrow. Poor Tristan! His father was a good man. I should be sorry for any harm to come to the boy,—though he is rather headstrong."

Self-convicted, Tristan lingered hearkening to the last echoes of that compassionate voice. Then, with a thrill of remorse that ran like an arrow of conscience through his spiritual frame, he fled away.

Through the still moonlight that made long shadows in the streets the spirit wandered, itself as impalpable. It floated over the same scenes which Tristan's mortal feet had traversed:—but now, no jarring sounds of worldly traffic broke the holy quiet. A watchman's heavy footfall resounded along the pavement. When he had gone by, a woman with a child crawled to some door-steps and crouched down.

When the man came past again, she crept back into the shadow; but he perceived her, and asked what she was doing there. The tone was hardly so rough as he used in the day-time.

"I have not been drinking—indeed, Sir, I have not," was the faint answer; "but I have had no food to-day except a biscuit that a poor gentleman in the Park gave my boy. We divided it between us."

"Poor soul!" said the watchman, searching in his pocket; "here is half a loaf and some cheese. I can do without my breakfast for once in a way. Only don't lie there any longer, good woman; for there'll be somebody else passing soon, and it is n't far to the station-house."

"God reward you, Sir!" said the woman. "The world is much better than people say—I have always found it so. Eat, little Johnny, and be patient. It is not long till morning."

It is not long till morning. Oh! what a deep lesson of endurance was in those words of the poor desolate wanderer. And he—the spirit who now with his opened eyes and ears listened—had in his lifetime reviled the world; struggled in its darkness, nor waited meekly for the dawn that would surely come at last. He who, though poor, had never wanted a meal—who, though wretched, had found in his wretchedness the blessed balm of love—who, though friendless, had never been altogether desolate—he had shrunk from his despair like a coward,—while this lonely forsaken one lived patiently on, enduring to the end.

Tristan's spirit yearned repentantly over the very world which he had in his bitterness contemned. It was of God's creating—and the smile of divinity rested on it yet. With all its harshness, its coldness, its sufferings, it was still a blessed world.

On, on, over myriads of human spirits that the bosom of the night-stilled city enfolded, did the soul of Tristan pass—resting with none until he came to a small, neat, suburban dwelling. When last he crossed its threshold, it had been with wild anger in his heart and a curse on his lips. From that threshold seemed yet to ring the parting words of strife.

"Brother Tristan, I have been careful and you a spendthrift. Every man ought to think of himself first:—you were too great a fool to do that. I shall not help you any more. You may stop here one night more, and then you must turn out and work in the street—or starve there, if you like it better."

And the terrible answer had been, "No, but I will die, and bring Cain's curse upon your head."

Could it be that the very roses which now slept their still and fragrant sleep under the moonlit porch had ever been shaken by the breath of such words as these?

The spirit of Tristan stood in his brother's chamber—self-justifying even now. For the man slept as peacefully as though his mother's son had still lain within a few yards of him in the little closet from which he used to call when, boy-like, they talked together half the long summer night. He had no thought of that dark, weed-tangled mass floating beneath the stars.

But a little while, and the sleeper stirred. His breathing grew thick, and his forehead's veins were knotted,—while incoherent words came from his lips.

"Tristan, you are a dolt: I always was master—I always will be: there, be a good lad; don't resist, and I'll play with you again. Ha ha!"

And the almost boyish laughter showed how many years that world-worn man had re-traversed in his dream. Again he murmured, though in a changed tone.

"Father, don't say I ill-used him. Tristan must take care of himself.—Well, well, we are brothers, as you say. Dear father, only live a little longer, and I will treat him much better,—I will indeed! Now, father, be content; I promise—I do promise! Tristan, give me your hand.—It freezes me. Ah!"

And the sleeping man leaped out of bed, and awoke in terror.

"What a fool I have been," he muttered, as he vainly tried to reassure himself that he had merely been dreaming. "But it is only because that stupid Tristan put me in such a passion. By-the-bye, I wonder if the lad has come in yet. His temper must be cooled by this time. Hallo, Tristan," called he,—opening the room door.

There was no answer:—so he went to see. A strange fear oppressed that once cold-hearted man as he saw the empty chamber. The threat which he had scorned as idle words rang in his ear like a warning from the grave. He trembled, and sat down on the bed.

"I hope the silly boy has done himself no harm. Yet he was always passionate and desperate. I wish I had not said what I did. God forgive me if any evil comes to that poor lad!"

He drew aside the window-curtain: the first streak of dawn already mingled with the moonlight.

"The fellow must be drinking," he tried to think. "Yet I don't believe he had a shilling. Besides, he was always sober enough. Poor Tristan! I wish he would come home."

The man lay down again,—not in his own room, but in his brother's. He thought he could sooner hear the street-door open when there. He lay—listening to every breath—until he could rest no longer. Each sigh of the morning breeze that arose and shook the casement seemed to cry out to him, like the voice that haunted Cain—"O man, where is thy brother?"

When the daylight came the spirit of the drowned hovered over that man as he hurried out with a face as white as death. Those shadowy arms would fain have encircled his neck, that air-voice would have whispered, "Brother, my brother! let us forgive one another:—but it was too late. Death had stepped in between them, and shut the gate of reconciliation for ever."

The winged soul threaded the gray shadows of early dawn as swiftly as the yet unawakened sunbeams. The first stirrings of life had already disturbed the quiet of the great city, but in its gloomiest recesses somewhat of the freshness and peace of night lingered still. It was in an upper chamber in the darkest of those streets which desolate poverty seems to haunt like a spectre that the spirit of Tristan rested.

Its sole occupant was a young woman. You could not call her a girl, for the freshness of girlhood no longer tinted the thin, worn cheek;—nor had the outside show of fine-ladyism replaced the pure womanliness of her face and mien. She had thrown herself on the bed, all dressed as she was, after what seemed to have been a long vigil; for the faint glimmer of the expiring candle yet struggled with the encroaching light of morning.

"And she, too, can sleep—such a sound, peaceful, happy sleep!" sighed the spirit. "Even now, there is in her heart no memory of Tristan!"

It was not so: for on a little table lay the letter to write which she had sat up half the night—a night when every hour was so precious to one who toiled all day in the weary life of a governess.

"Why did you leave me in such anger!"—ran this mute record of vain tenderness. "Tristan, my heart's joy—my only comfort in this world,—how could you say I loved you not? Must I tell you over and over again for how many, many years my whole soul was filled with you; how that from girlhood to womanhood I have lived but to make myself worthy of you,—lived through change and hopelessness and world-sorrows, still keeping my

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heart pure and strong with the single thought that I might one day be your wife. And yet, when you ask me to take that blessed name, because I dare not answer to the cry of your despair you say I never loved you! What were your own words? 'Maud, the world and fate are against our union. Let us thwart them:—let us marry, and then die.' And when I answered to that wild daring of misery with words of patience, you took the denial they implied as springing not from prudent love but cold contempt. Tristan, you said I scorned you because you were poor! But I will not think more of that bitterness, which was wrong only from your despair. Listen to me, my dearest! If we are so poor that we must wait until the time of gray hairs before we can have one home and one name, still I will wait. I would rather work until old age, and live and die your betrothed, than wed the richest man in England. And you, Tristan, take courage! Life is never hopeless to those who have youth and health and mind. I will watch you rise, step by step, in the world:—my love shall cheer you and give you strength. You cannot fail—you shall not fail. My own! My husband that will be! you do not know how strong love is—how much it can endure and be conqueror at last. Come to me to-morrow, and let us forgive one another. I know that I am very dear to you:—but, Tristan, you are all in all to the heart of Maud."

An agony of despairing love, more terrible than human heart could feel or human tongue describe, appeared to convulse the airy frame of the spirit. Its term of wandering over, it felt dragged down, down, through storms and lightning and darkness, to the region of the dead. A cry of fearful anguish burst from it:—and the spell was broken. All had been a dream!

Tristan awoke, and found himself lying under the parapet of the bridge in the misty light of dawn.

Humbled to the meekness of childhood did that pride-tempted man rain his tears in the dust, and bless the sleep, with its strange dream-people mystery which had saved his soul from the doom of a suicide.

Tristan went home. Under the rose-porch stood his brother; who uttered an exclamation of joy, ran forward and stopped—

"Where have you been, young scapegrace? I was a fool to make myself so uncomfortable about you."

But Tristan felt, and returned, the hand's warm clasp, and saw there was a quivering in the thin lips. Peace and forbearance healed all strife between the brothers, now. Both had learnt Life's lesson in one night.

In the evening light Maud's arms were round Tristan's neck, and her tears were falling on his bosom.

But in his joy there was a solemnity,—a quietude which showed that a change had come over him.

Many years after, when he chanced to be walking with his wife in the same spot, he told her of that marvellous dream.

Maud, in her holy woman's faith, doubted not one word. But while, with a shudder that she could not repress, she crept closer to her husband, her eyes were uplifted and her lips moved in a thankful prayer.

"Life is full of mysteries!" she murmured..

DINAH MARIA MULOCK.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

Florence, June 5.

We had last night an illumination here, and the day before a grand 'Te Deum' at the Duomo, and the day before that a *Requiem*. The first two were rejoicings for successes against the Austrians, and the latter was in mourning for the Tuscan victims in the struggle,—an April-day succession of gladness to tears, which must have grated on the feelings of those whose beloved ones were lying stiff on the plains of Lombardy! And, indeed, many a grim old Florentine *palazzo* remained dark and sombre amid the general blaze—a black spot upon the face of triumph, which marked the families whose bereavement forbade them to rejoice.

The more especial cause of rejoicing was the taking of the fortress of Peschiera; and in the midst of the popular joy, while the city was blazing with its millions of lamps, a report got into circulation

that Peschiera was not taken after all. However, the general belief was that the news was at length true,—although we have had some five or six false reports to the same effect already. In fact, the uncertainty of all the information that reaches us respecting the war in Lombardy is such that we may be considered in total ignorance on the subject. The fresh crop of reports and assertions of the most positive kind which each day produces, is sure to be destroyed by the counter-assertions of the next. Strange to say, here, at the distance of a couple of hundred miles or so from the scene of action, our most reliable source of information is the London papers. In the mean time, if we live in much ignorance in this lotus-eating happy valley, we live in proportionate tranquillity. Wars and rumours of wars, Heaven knows, we hear enough of,—with blowing-up of magazines, ravaging of country, failing food, &c. But all these things are "on the other side of the mountains." The friendly Apennine rears up his sturdy back between us and all this turmoil,—and life in Florence pursues the ordinary tenor of its placid dreamy course.

The crash of falling thrones and roar of revolutions, therefore, has not so entirely banished from the fair city of flowers those more civilizing pursuits which the *Athenæum* especially claims as its own, as to afford no materials for a bulletin of matters literary. Our press, it is true, being now very satisfactorily free, reflects—as a free press must and ought to do—the public feelings and opinions of the time being; and we have thus rather more of the *field* and less of the *grace* than could be wished. Little boys, with hands full of wet broad sheets, scream to you in the streets to buy an account of "*Radeschi*, mortalmente ferito"—or "*I Tedeschi cacciati da Mantova*"—or "*Summosa generale nel regno di Napoli*," &c. &c.; and a stirring commerce is done in these articles, more especially as each fresh document makes occasion for another to contradict it,—and the good Florentines seem never to doubt a bit the more, but buy, and swallow, with even fresh appetite, each new dose of apocryphal intelligence. It is so new to them, poor fellows, to have public affairs to talk about, and to be allowed to talk about them! Then the mural announcements which meet one's eyes on all sides,—and give evidence that men are already beginning to avail themselves of the privilege of saying what they think—are for the most part more or less characteristic of the time. We have 'Popular Explanations of the Constitution'—Advice to the Electors of Tuscany'—'On the Military Organization of Tuscany'—'Libertà e Religione'—'On the Admissibility of Government Functionaries to sit in the Chamber,'—all recently published. The feeling against the Jesuits, although it is long since Tuscany was afflicted with their presence, is as strong as ever. Gioberti's book, '*Il Gesuita moderno*,' has had a large sale, in two forms, already; a costly 8vo. edition, and a foolscap one in six volumes which is to be had for about 30 pauls,—from 13s. to 14s. Yet, heavy and prolix as the book is, and almost unreadable to the fastidious modern readers of these days, another still cheaper edition is about to be published immediately, in Florence, in numbers. It is to be completed in fifty-seven numbers, at two ciazie (about 1½d. each; every number to consist of sixteen pages of letter-press, and the entire work to form two volumes, which will thus cost between 6s. and 7s. only,—a sufficiently clear indication of the extent of circulation contemplated. The author—who is now at Rome, and whose journey thither resembled a triumphal progress and his reception in the Eternal City that of an emperor,—has just published another smaller product of his indefatigable pen, on the 'Condizioni presenti e future d'Italia.' In the mean time, artists engrave his portrait, sculptors multiply his bust, and the *ganins* scrawl his name over all the walls.

The old Tuscan vein of satire, too, is beginning to show itself again. Less ferocious than the "*vendetta di penna*" wielded by the popular successors of Juvenal at Rome—less carnal perhaps, but more delicate—humorously sly rather than indignant—it is strongly characteristic of the light, easy, and laughter-loving character of the people. Thus, we have an '*Almanacco dei Giornalisti*,'—a quiz on all and each of the newly-arisen tribe of journalists;

'*Consigli di Satan ai Padri Gesuiti*,'—the drift of which may be easily imagined; and, above all, plenty of ballads about "*Mattornic-che*."

The solid advantages of a free press, too, are showing themselves significantly enough in bold inquiries into the abuses of a system ever hitherto more jealously screened from all unwelcome questioning than even the doings of princes themselves. Thus, we have '*A Letter*, by a Priest, on the Residence of the Bishop of Fiesole in Florence;' and another priest writing '*On the Present Condition of the Tuscan Clergy*.' Then we have '*Inquiries into the Disabilities of the Jews*;' and a very strong and growing feeling against all religious inequality. Can it be that once again, after so many generations, poor Italy will have to read a lesson to us proud islanders, and recommend to civilized England her teachings of civilization? It seems likely enough,—not only on that isolated point, but on the larger kindred subject of entire separation between Church and State. The recent events at Rome have done much to advance the minds of thinking men of all classes of opinion throughout Italy in that direction.

Among other signs of the times, we may notice with a smile,—though by no means one of contempt or ridicule—a lady champion coming forward amid the host of political writers called forth by the new state of things in the Peninsula. The Signora Caterina Franceschi Ferrucci gives us a treatise on a republican form of government in Italy. The tide of opinion has manifested itself strongly in almost all parts of Italy against republicanism. Here, at Florence, a week or two ago, a number of a journal called the '*Popolano*' was publicly burnt by the populace in the middle of the principal square of the city because it advocated republican principles. At Milan and at Naples there is a republican party, though it is in both cases a very small minority:—but here the individuals known to hold such opinions may almost be counted on the fingers. One, the most remarkable among them, is Guerrazzi,—the author of a volume of biographical notices of modern Italians of a little novel entitled '*Isabella Orsini*,' which had a great success, and of various other things, written not without eloquence and energy of style. He was, a short time since, arrested at Leghorn as the ringleader of a sedition there, and sentenced to imprisonment at Porto Ferrajo, on the island of Elba—the Tuscan Botany Bay. There, he wrote a '*Sermon for Good Friday*, composed in the Prisons of Falcone, at Porto Ferrajo,'—which has been published and placarded all over Florence. The Government make not the slightest objection; and it is not likely to do any mischief to any one—but the publisher.

But amid all these lighter *zeit-schriften*, as the Germans would call them, the excitement of revolution and the stress of politics have not entirely suspended the pursuit of more serious studies. Previously to the commencement of these disturbing causes, historical research had for the last three or four years been most actively prosecuted throughout the Peninsula. And though such pursuits have been, of course, in some measure suspended by the occupation of men's minds on matters of more stirring and more immediate interest, yet there are not wanting some who still have refused to abandon their wanderings amid the paths of "*hoar Antiquity*," and still find them, as Warton says, "*strewn with flowers*." The veteran Vieuxseux continues his '*Archivio Storico Italiano*,'—a work which in every way deserves to be introduced to the notice of historical students in England, but of which I have seen no mention in any English publication. Vieuxseux himself is highly deserving of a recording word of encouragement and approval from the *Athenæum* as a worthy successor and representative of those old scholar-publishers whose occupation was to them a labour of love, and who by no means confined their acquaintance with the products of their press to title-page and colophon. The patriotic and historical literature of Italy, in truth, owes much to the liberality, enlightenment, and perseverance of Giorgio Pietro Vieuxseux; who has spent a lifetime in the cause, and whose efforts in less happy times were rewarded with the crown of martyrdom—suffered if not in person, at least in purse. He is '*Direttore Editore*' of the '*Archivio Storico*,' as well as proprietor of the property and originator of the under-

taking. It would, however, stretch this letter beyond all allowable bounds if I were to attempt now to give you any account of the scope of the 'Archivio,' and of the results already accomplished. I must reserve all this for a future letter,—when a little examination of the volumes published may perhaps enable me to give a hint or two, through your columns, to some of our own learned publishing societies.

Similar praise of activity cannot be awarded to the Accademia della Crusca in the prosecution of its new edition of the celebrated Dictionary. The Academy undertook in 1841 to give the world a new, corrected, and much enlarged edition (the fifth) of their great work. It was certainly needed; for, despite the efforts and expostulations of pedant purists—who would fain forbid a language ever to grow and adapt itself to the necessities which new ideas and advancing civilization create—the Italian tongue had undoubtedly progressed beyond the limits assigned to it in the last edition of the great authority. It is possible to keep a language stationary only by paralyzing all movement in the people who speak and write it. The new edition was to be published in numbers,—of which the first was nearly ready. It consisted, as every succeeding number was to do, of eighty folio pages, very handsomely printed in double columns, on an excellent paper, and was to cost only nine pauls, or 4s. In short, nothing more could be desired in point of beauty, accuracy, or cheapness. But, alas! four numbers were published by the end of 1843, and since that not a line!—although to all inquiries it is invariably replied that the Academy is hard at work at its task. The fourth number brings the work to ACC,—so that, at this rate of progress, the labours of the learned Della-Cruscans must inevitably be interminable; for by the time our grandsons have the completion of this fifth edition, the early part of the alphabet will urgently demand a sixth.

With far more of brave exertion and energetic perseverance than can be attributed to these epicurean gods of Florentine literature, the Della-Cruscans, Signor Eugenio Alberi is gallantly proceeding with his great edition of the works of Galileo, amid toil, difficulties, discouragements, and obstacles of all sorts. The seventh volume has just appeared. The fifth—which was published some time since—contained the much-talked-of and long-lost observations of the great astronomer on the satellites of Jupiter; which form one of the most important features in the new edition of the Florentine philosopher's complete works. The scientific world is well aware that Galileo was known to have left a most important series of Ephemerides on the satellites of Jupiter—the labour of ten years, from 1610 to 1619—which he himself speaks of as an Herculean work, and which nearly cost him his eyesight. It is also well known that the MSS. containing these observations have been lamented as lost for the last two hundred years. Baron Zach, in his 'Correspondance Astronomique,' vol. i. p. 475, has written,—"It is impossible sufficiently to regret this precious series of observations made by Renieri* during ten years and by Galileo during twenty-eight.† It is an irreparable loss of thirty-eight years of labour, of watching, of pain, of perseverance—I had almost said of agony! And all disappeared in a moment, as if by enchantment, without anybody being able to explain how."

The whole of this mass of papers (Renieri's as well as Galileo's are to be published) Signor Alberi discovered among the very extensive collection of astronomical MSS.—in great measure Galileo's—in the library of the Pitti Palace. Much jealousy and illiberality was shown towards Signor Alberi at the time by those who, from their position, might have made the discovery, and *did not*. It was first asserted that the papers pointed out did not contain the lost Ephemerides at all—then that they contained fragments only of them—then that the discovery was of no value in the present state of science—and, lastly, that it was no discovery at all, for that they had been known to exist before! It would be tedious to your readers to go over all the dispute to which these unworthy assertions gave rise. Suffice it, that Signor Alberi has victoriously vindicated his right to

be the discoverer of these long-lost labours. Of the value of this discovery, the following words of M. Arago—quoted from the 'Comptes Rendus des Séances de l'Académie des Sciences; 21 Août, 1843'—are a sufficient proof:—"He considered it extremely important that the oldest observations of Galileo and Renieri should be found; and he declared, that "if the assertions of Signor Alberi are true—if the MSS. of the Pitti Palace do really contain all the labours of Galileo and Renieri on the satellites of Jupiter—Signor Alberi will have given a value to papers hitherto disregarded—he will have been the first to assign to MSS. already catalogued their real meaning and true place in the history of science—he will, in fact, have made a real discovery." That the papers in question do so contain the lost observations every one may now satisfy himself from inspection of the published volume containing them.

The sixth and seventh volumes of the complete works consist of the first portion of the letters,—which will occupy five volumes. These will be divided into three classes of letters: those written by Galileo, those to him, and those between other correspondents relating to him. The mass of these letters preserved in the Pitti Library is very great. But the letters of Galileo himself are only 350 in number,—while those addressed to him are more than two thousand. The whole of the former will be published,—and the most interesting portion of the latter, such as those from Castelli, Cesi, Cavalieri, Renieri, Marsili, Micanzio, Sagredo, Kepler, and Diodati. From some of these correspondents there are hundreds of letters. Of those by Galileo himself, about half are now published for the first time. This immense mass of correspondence,—part of which only is scientific in its nature and part is the ordinary intercourse with familiar friends,—will afford abundant materials for something more like a complete life of the philosopher than has yet been attempted. And this Signor Alberi is busily engaged in preparing. It will form a portion of the edition.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

THE Archeological Institute will hold—as our readers already know—its annual meeting at Lincoln during the present month; and the programme of its proceedings, though not as yet delivered to the members, is understood to be perfectly completed. A larger attendance is expected, now that the Continent is closed to travellers, than the Institute has gathered on any former occasion. The Bill of Fare is certainly inviting:—we give it in the usual programme-form for the sake of future reference. *Tuesday*. General meeting in the County Assembly Room. Address of the President (Earl Browlow). Examination of Roman remains, old Jew's house, &c. Historical Section in the evening at the Stone-Bow. *Wednesday*. Excursion to Stow Church (Norman) and Gainsborough,—returning by Torksey (Henry the Eighth's mansion in ruins). Early and Medieval Section in the evening at the Stone-Bow. *Thursday*. Excursion by rail to Southwell Minster, Newark Castle, and Wollaton Hall (Elizabethan mansion built by Thorpe, the architect of Holland House). Corporation *soirée* at the County Assembly Room. *Friday*. Architectural Section at the County Assembly Room. Prof. Willis's lecture on the Cathedral. Public dinner at six o'clock,—the President in the chair. *Saturday*. Excursion by rail to Tattershall Castle and Boston. Section in the evening at the Stone-Bow. *Monday*. Excavations at Temple Bruer. General meeting.—Many very curious articles of antiquity have already been obtained for the temporary museum of the Institute;—Lincoln, as many of our readers will remember, being especially rich in Roman remains. The opening on the 15th instant of the Railway Hotel, a handsome and well-furnished building and the first of the kind erected in Lincoln, will add to the convenience and comfort of the members attending the meeting.

The *Morning Post* states, on the authority of a correspondent, that Mr. Devon has discovered a muster-roll for part of Warwickshire, made in the time of Henry VIII., which contains the names of William and four other Shakespeares, of three Hathaways, and of other relatives of the great Bard.

The Ordnance survey of London—so important on account of the sanitary measures which are to be based on it—is proceeding with great rapidity and

success. A considerable portion of the metropolis is already mapped out. A large "dove nest" has been erected above the cross of St. Paul's, for the use of the corps—and forms a curious and striking object in itself. In Clerkenwell, and towards the east, many church steeples are now surmounted by these nests:—at the West End they have for the most part done their office, and are removed. As these plans must be completed before any systematic scheme of drainage can be commenced, it is very desirable that no delay should be permitted to take place in their execution.

We notice with pleasure that the Ragged School Union—to which we directed attention a short time ago—has commended itself to the royal munificence. The Queen and Prince Albert have sent a donation of 100*l*. The fashion in favour of instruction for the poor thus set, we hope to find followed in other quarters. Few better investments of a little surplus capital could be found, as things go, than in providing for the mental and material wants of those outcasts who make up the *classes dangereuses*. We read in the papers the reported speech of a noble lord, who speaks of his order as one that may soon pass away. This proposition it is not our place to dispute with his lordship—who may be supposed to understand the strength or weakness of his caste; but we may suggest that the countenance given to or withheld from such institutions as have in view the care and amelioration of the lower castes may have a most important bearing on the ultimate decision of the question.

On Saturday last, the Harveian Oration was delivered, according to our pre-announcement, before the President and Fellows of the Royal College of Surgeons, and a large attendance of gentlemen not members of the College to whom invitations had been extended.

On Friday in last week a number of gentlemen interested in mechanical science were afforded a "private view," at the offices of Mr. Whishaw, in Gray's Inn Square, of a number of inventions for facilitating verbal communication:—some of which we have ourselves had an opportunity of witnessing before. An account of these several inventions we will borrow from a contemporary. Among the most remarkable were several hydraulic telegraphs, all in working order, and performing their functions in a very satisfactory manner. In the original invention the medium of indication was water in small columns, which at each end descended in perpendicular glass tubes, after the fashion of the mercury in a thermometer. This system being somewhat defective, on account of the oscillation to which the water in the tube was subject, a brass float has been supplied in the new model to act on the top of the fluid in each tube. These have the effect of indicating the desired point with great exactness. The tube can be laid down to any length,—and its cost is stated to be about 20*l*. per mile.—The "uniformity of time telegraph" also claims attention. It is proposed to fix one of these machines at either end of the line of communication. By means of electricity the hand of one is pointed at the required code or signal, and at the same instant the corresponding hand at the other end of the line indicates the same point. It should be observed that the success of the operation depends upon the two machines being kept precisely to the same time; and for this purpose Mr. Whishaw has adopted a very ingenious instrument, which appears to answer the purpose very well.—"The Telekophonon," another of the inventions exhibited, is a sub-way telegraph. If laid down under earth or water for three-quarters of a mile, it is stated that a person speaking at one end can be distinctly heard at the other. There is also another form of the same invention, for above-ground communications. The pipe in this instance is composed of gutta percha, and through it the lowest whisper can be heard for about three-quarters of a mile.—Among other means of communication exhibited may be mentioned the "Telegraph," a mechanical telegraph, with a rotary motion:—which, like the other specimens, appears likely to answer most of the purposes for which it is planned.

A rumour goes about—and has found its way into the newspapers—that the University of Oxford has offered the professorship "of modern languages"—which we suppose must mean the Regius Professorship of Modern History and Languages—to M. Guizot. We give it as we have received it—but with some

* Galileo's assistant and disciple.

† Zach is in error respecting the length of time. It is correctly stated above.

doubts. The choice would, in our opinion, do much honour to the University:—but how would the question of oaths be disposed of in such a case? M. Guizot is one to whose personal character men of all political opinions bear high testimony, and whose talents all respect. If such an appointment should be the means of renovating the feelings under which he won his literary laurels before circumstances made him a minister of state, the University will have conferred a lasting benefit on the Chair which is said to have been tendered for his acceptance. We wonder if Oxford has any gowned "Cowells," to protest in her "Theatre" against the invasion of the foreigner.

Messrs. Puttick & Simpson disposed last week of a very curious collection of early wardrobe accounts, formerly the property, it is thought, of the late Mr. Craven Ord, and certainly at one time in the Queen's Remembrancer's Office. Lot 217. *Jornale Garderobe, de receptis et exitibus eiusdem, incip. vij die Aprilis anno xxxj^o (A.D. 1302).—fin. xxvj^o die Aprilis xxxiv (A.D. 1305).—a manuscript on vellum, in good condition—brought 61*l*.—Lot 218. *Liber Garderobe, Edwardi I. ab anno xxxi ad annum xxxv. (A.D. 1302—1306), on vellum, sold for 63*l*.—and lot 215. *Liber Dmⁱ Johis de Berewicke de expensⁱ in Garder^e Rge anno R^e E. xvij^o (A.D. 1289), also on vellum, for 40*l*. The cheapest lot (No. 215) was also the most curious; being the Wardrobe Book of Eleanor of Castile, the Queen of Edward I., from the Feast of St. Michael in the eighteenth year of Edward's reign to the Feast of St. Edmund in the following year, and further continued to the death of the Queen in 1290. This valuable volume, hitherto unknown to our historians, contains many curious entries, and certainly deserves to be printed entire. The original MS. should have found a place in the British Museum, and Mr. Botfield should have printed it as a supplement to his volume of household expenses edited by Mr. T. Hudson Turner. The authorities at the Museum (the keeper and some of his assistants) are so extremely partial to misals and maps that they have little sympathy with the MS. materials for English history. It is easy to make a Trustee perceive the beauty of a thirteenth-century Psalter full of coloured illustrations and rich with initial letters, but difficult to make him comprehend the importance of a few entries in an account without illuminations or ingenious initials. It appears to us that the necessity of securing every important MS. throwing light on English history should be one of the leading instructions to an officer in the Museum. We may perhaps return to this subject:—in the mean time we may observe what the MS. leads us to believe, that the Queen's disease was dropsy. —Has the MS. gone to Middlehill?***

The name of Mr. Sheridan Knowles has at length found its way into the pension-list—for a sum of 200*l*. Literature and science have other recognitions also in the distribution of the fund for the present year. Mr. Carleton, the able delineator of Irish character, receives 200*l*.; Mr. Adams, the astronomer, 200*l*.—a mere instalment, we hope, of far larger rewards awaiting him; and the sisters of the late unfortunate Prof. McCullagh are down for 100*l*. a-year. Our readers are well acquainted with our opinions on the subject of pensioning literary men. We hold it to be the least honourable and most wasteful form in which the recognition of literary eminence can be made. But, till other means be provided of discharging this national debt, it was very fit that one having the combined title of his own merit and his own necessity should no longer have his claim of this kind urged in vain. In one form or another the intellectual labourer must be made a sharer in such honours and emoluments as governments have to bestow. The general subject is one which we purpose almost immediately to discuss at length. It has been touched by Mr. Forster in his 'Life and Adventures of Goldsmith'—and by the recently published number of the *Edinburgh Review* in its notice of that work. But we have ourselves much more to say on the subject, in summary and extension of the remarks which we have from time to time made in reference to this matter:—and shall take as early an opportunity as the accidents of our columns will permit to enter on it.

The Shakspeare Committee have determined on holding a general meeting at the Thatched House Tavern on Saturday the 22nd inst.; when a statement of the fund will be laid before the meeting and a final appeal made to the public to complete the sum required for the purchase of the house. The pension granted to Mr. Knowles, the future Curator of the house, was made, it is understood, at the direct instigation of the joint-Committees.

It may save trouble to some of our readers if we inform them that the Reading-room at the British Museum closes just now—and will do so during the summer months—at 5 o'clock, instead of 7, on Saturdays. On other days it will continue open as usual until 7.

Prof. Syme, who retreated from his position at University College ostensibly before a hostile demonstration on the part of its members, since sufficiently disavowed—but whose movements seem rather to have been induced by a not very perfect acquaintance with his own individual mind—has, we see, been permitted by the Crown to withdraw his resignation of the chair of clinical surgery in the University of Edinburgh—and will resume his duties in that seminary next session. The Professor is fortunate in one respect—and not, we think, in another. There is rather more of favoritism and irregularity in the measure which re-inducts him in the North than in that before the resentment occasioned by which he is assumed to have given way in the South. If the Scottish rivals whom he may have disappointed be as demonstrative as the English, the result of his tactics may have been to place the learned Professor between two fires.

The suspension of all such matters and interests as are the natural growth of order and civilization is but the natural consequence of the present wild and unsettled condition of the Continent. Such signs and warnings of the evils shed from the wing of the revolutionary Spirit, even when he comes as an avenging angel, meet us in a multitude of incidental notices. It is announced, for instance, that the Twenty-sixth Anniversary Meeting of the Naturalists and Physicians of Germany—like that of the Rhenish Musicians—will not take place this year.—From Paris, the report of the Academy of Sciences is, as for months past, a blank.—'The sitting of the 19th was destitute of public interest.' But who thinks of turning now—or can hope to do so for many a long day yet to come—for any of the higher or finer voices by which humanity speaks, to that city of fallacies and of horrors!

Dr. Peters, it is announced, has returned to Berlin from his exploring mission to Eastern Africa, after an absence of more than five years.—To the scientific news from the Prussian capital we may add that Herr Knuth and Spohr have been named to fill the vacancies occasioned by the death of Dr. Dieffenbach and Herr Felix Mendelssohn in the royal Order of Merit.

We have had brought under our notice one of those instances of official interference at home with colonial matters merely local which beget the feeling of unnecessary subjection to central and remote authority and chill the zeal of the colonist for the active promotion of science. The fact complained of is, the removal of Mr. Bidwell from the situation of Director of the Sydney Botanic Gardens (to which he had been appointed only in September last) by the arrival of Mr. Moore from England. The garden, as we are informed, though large and containing numerous fine specimens, having been much neglected, the Legislative Council of the Colony had consented to an increase in the salary of the manager of the garden from 200*l*. to 300*l*., per annum on the understanding from the local government that Mr. Bidwell should be appointed:—and they are much displeased at the condition being broken by the interference of the home Colonial Office. No objection, we understand, is made personally to Mr. Moore; but Mr. Bidwell has recommended himself to the men of science in Sydney by large knowledge of experimental horticulture and great zeal and activity in its pursuit. There is some reason to apprehend, we fancy, that the new liberality of the Legislative Council may be retracted if the appointment be persisted in:—but probably when the facts are known at the Colonial Office

some arrangement may be arrived at which will be satisfactory to all parties.

ROYAL ACADEMY OF ARTS, TRAFALGAR SQUARE. THE EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY is NOW OPEN.—Admission (from Eight o'clock till Seven), 1*s*.; Catalogue, 1*s*. JOHN PRESCOTT KNIGHT, R.A., Secretary.

BRITISH INSTITUTION, PAUL MALL. The Gallery, with a Selection of Pictures by Ancient Masters and Deceased British Artists, is OPEN Daily from Ten till Six.—Admission, 1*s*.; Catalogue, 6*d*. WILLIAM BARNARD, Keeper.

SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS. THE FORTY-FOURTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION IS NOW OPEN, at their GALLERY, 5, PAUL MALL EAST, each Day, from Nine till Dusk.—Admission, 1*s*.; Catalogue, 6*d*. GEORGE A. FRIPP, Secretary.

THE NEW SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS. THE FOURTEENTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION IS NOW OPEN at their GALLERY, FIFTY-THREE, PAUL MALL, EAST, 1*s*.; Catalogue, 6*d*. JAMES FAHEY, Secretary.

THE EXHIBITION OF MULREADY'S PAINTINGS, SKETCHES, &c. to promote the formation of a NATIONAL GALLERY OF BRITISH ART, is NOW OPEN at the SOCIETY OF ARTS, JOHN-STREET, ADELPHI, from Nine till Dusk.—Admission, 1*s*. each.

ERUPTION OF MOUNT ETNA. NEW EXHIBITION at the DIORAMA, REGENT'S PARK, representing MOUNT ETNA, in SICILY, under three aspects—Evening, Sunrise, and during an Eruption; and the INTERIOR of ST. MARK'S at VENICE, with two effects—Day and Night. During the latter, the Grand Machine Organ will perform. Open from Ten till Six.—Admission, 2*s*.; Children under Twelve Years, Half-price.

SOCIETIES

INSTITUTE OF BRITISH ARCHITECTS.—May 29.—A. Poynter, Esq. V.P. in the chair.—A paper was read, by H. B. Garling, Esq. 'On the Application of Sculpture and Sculptured Ornament to Architecture, and the Principles which should regulate their Introduction into Buildings generally, both with regard to Beauty of Embellishment and Propriety of Style.' June 12.—S. Smirke, Esq. V.P. in the chair.—The following gentlemen were elected Associates:—O. Hansard and G. Scamton, Esqrs.—A paper was read, by the Rev. R. Burgess, 'On the Theatres and Porticoes of Ancient Rome.' The subject was treated at some length, historically and architecturally, and illustrated by plans,—some contributed by Prof. Donaldson, and others made under the direction of Mr. Burgess. The paper began with a few observations upon the Greek drama, and its introduction into Rome; and the difference between the Greek theatre, as used by the Greeks and Romans respectively, was pointed out. This was done by exhibiting the plan of the scena and orchestra as measured in each by a different geometrical process. After describing the theatre in all its parts, Mr. Burgess proceeded to give an account of the theatre of Pompey at Rome, and illustrated that building, with the porticoes and other appendages belonging to it, by a fragment of the Pianta Capitolina. He noticed also the site of the theatre of Balbus at Rome, and then described the theatre of Marcellus as it now exists. An ancient engraving of the elevation restored served to illustrate the striking remains of that edifice. Mr. Burgess finished his paper by a history and description of the portico of Octavia, and enumerated the splendid works of Art which, according to Pliny, that building contained. Another portion of the Pianta Capitolina enabled him to exhibit a perfect ground-plan of the portico, with the two temples that stood within it. Mr. Burgess called attention to the fact that all the architects and artists connected with these buildings at Rome were foreigners, and that the actors at the theatres were often from Syria or Egypt; and he took occasion to remark, that genius was of no country,—but that if there could be such a thing as communism, it would be in the realms of Genius and Art. He recommended liberality towards talent and genius, come from wherever it might; and he concluded his paper by showing the hurtful influence which the theatre had, and generally has, upon the morals and character of a people.

HORTICULTURAL.—April 18.—R. Hutton, Esq., in the chair.—W. W. Smith, S. Child, W. Campion, jun., and T. W. Blundell, Esqrs., were elected Fellows.—From the Marchioness of Westminster was a coloured drawing of a curious and beautiful Rhododendron named *barbatum*, which has lately flowered for the first time in this country at Eaton Hall. It was stated to have been obtained from the north of India; but unlike the Indian species, which generally have

loose heads of flower, if we except the Ceylon *R. zeylanicum*, its flower-heads were close and compact, the individual flowers being short and round, and freer from spots than most other Indian kinds.—The fruit from the garden consisted of specimens from a plant in the conservatory of what the French call the Hermaphrodite Orange, being an orange and a lemon apparently combined in the same fruit,—a singular production found in Syria and Egypt, concerning the origin of which much speculation has been indulged in, but as yet without eliciting anything satisfactory. Most of the specimens were irregular in form; the larger portion of the surface exhibiting the rough, spongy exterior of the lemon, the other portions having the colour and thin smooth skin of the orange. This peculiarity, however, is never found to extend below the surface; on cutting one of the fruit open the interior proved to be all of one kind, and looked like that of a sweet lemon.

May 1.—*Anniversary*.—J. J. Blandy, Esq., in the chair. The annual Report was read. Some conversation ensued respecting a person who had been clerk of accounts, and who had been discharged for misconduct. After some observations from Mr. Gordon, Sir Philip Egerton, Dr. Daniel, the Chairman, and others,—in the course of which, and by extracts read from the minute-book of the Council, it was shown that the Council had acted with perfect propriety,—it was moved and carried unanimously that this meeting repose entire confidence in the Council. It was moved by Mr. Glenny, seconded by R. S. Streatfield, Esq., and carried unanimously, that the suggestion made by the Council in their report as to the amendment of the bye-laws and the improvement of the Society's charter be adopted, and that the Council be empowered to act accordingly. A vote of thanks to the retiring Treasurer having been passed, J. E. Denison, Esq., J. H. Schroder, Esq., and Dr. Daniel were elected new members of council,—and the Duke of Devonshire President, R. Hutton, Esq. Treasurer, J. R. Gowen, Esq. Secretary, and G. Bain, S. F. Gray, and T. Hoblyn, Esqs. Auditors.

May 2.—W. W. Salmon, Esq. in the chair.—Messrs. Veitch exhibited a small specimen of *Cantua* (Periphragmos) *dependens* (bicolor of the nurseries), the Magic Tree of the Peruvian Indians, a greenhouse shrub of easy cultivation and much beauty. The plant in its native habitats is stated to form a branching shrub, each of whose shoots terminates in a cluster of carmine-coloured convolvulus-like flowers, the tubes of which are yellow, and nearly half covered by the green calyx. It was rewarded by a large silver medal:—and the same nurserymen also received a certificate of merit for a new *Dendrobium*, from the Indian province of Moulmein. It was nearly related to *longicornu*, but differed from that species in the flowers being larger as well as in other particulars. Along with it came a variety of their Java *Rhododendron*, called *flavum*; the flowers being considerably paler than those of the species. It has been observed in regard to this beautiful rhododendron, and to the various Borneo species which also grow on trees, that they would not prove cultivable with us in the ordinary way in this country; but this will probably prove a mistake, for no difficulty has been experienced in growing the species in question, which is naturally an epiphyte,—and this being the case, why should not the others, some of which, Mr. Low mentions, are extremely beautiful, be as easily managed? In regard to hardness, this *R. javanicum* was stated to be about as hardy as a Chinese azalea. Of orchids, Messrs. Rollison sent a specimen in blossom of *Arpophyllum giganteum*. This is a Guatemala plant of great beauty, throwing up spikes of small purple flowers, which are arranged on the spike something after the manner of those of our spotted native orchis; but with the most beautiful regularity, looking like a spike of little shells disposed with the greatest symmetry and skill. The plant exhibited had but one flower-spike on it, and that a small one; but in its native country it was stated to produce spikes from twelve to eighteen inches in length, covered with beautiful flowers. A Knightian medal was awarded.

ROYAL INSTITUTION.—June 9.—Admiral Sir E. Codrington, V.P., in the chair.—Mr. J. Fergusson 'On Progress in Architecture.' Mr. Fergusson commenced by defining the fine art architecture as the art

of building ornamentally, or of elaborating beauty out of the corresponding useful art of building,—which in all the countries of Europe anterior to the Reformation in the 16th century, and in all other countries down to the present hour, was accomplished by a gradual, steady perseverance towards a well-defined aim:—though in modern Europe the art had degenerated, instead of this, into mere correct copying of the details of Greek or Gothic or some other style of extinct or exotic art; and as a consequence of this that all other nations, however inferior they might be in all other matters, had been able to elaborate for themselves an appropriate and beautiful style of architecture perfectly suited to their wants and purposes; while in modern Europe alone men gave up all hope of inventing anything new. He proceeded to illustrate what he conceived to be the process by which architecture had been invented and perfected by other nations, by showing that it was the identical process by which we invented or perfected any of the sciences or arts which have been successfully cultivated in this country;—dwelling more particularly on ship-building as the most distinct series and parallel instance. He proceeded to show how, by following the same process during one thousand years, men had elaborated the perfect mediæval cathedral—such as Cologne—out of the Roman basilica; and from a series of plans of English abbey-churches showed by what gradual bit-by-bit improvement this had been effected. He referred to a diagram to show how a concealed arch of construction in a Roman portico had grown, by a like process, into the universally arched architrave of Christian architecture; and then taking a series of windows, from the plain round-headed window of the Norman period, showed how that was gradually elaborated into such a splendid work of Art as the celebrated nine-light window at the east end of Carlisle Cathedral. Lastly, taking a series of views from Indian architecture arranged chronologically, he showed how out of a very rude original a perfect style of Art had been produced by a people infinitely inferior to ourselves in every respect. Mr. Fergusson then taking an ordinary design for a Protestant church attempted to show how he conceived a perfect model of the kind might be produced by gradually altering and improving the original through a series of successive erections, rejecting whatever was found in an earlier one to be either useless or hurtful and improving anything that was either appropriate or beautiful,—always bearing in mind that the object in building the church was to erect the best possible edifice for the performance of the Protestant form of worship which should accommodate the greatest number of people at the least possible expense and at the same time be the most beautiful and most expressive of the sacred purposes for which it was erected. To show that the faculty of invention is not dead in us, Mr. Fergusson adduced the instance of the sister art of civil engineering; and from the examples of the London bridges showed that within the last hundred years we had progressed from the very clumsy structure of Westminster Bridge to the perfect one of new London Bridge:—and he contended that if we cultivated architecture with the same earnestness and in the same manner in which we had cultivated the art of bridge building, we might as easily surpass the mediæval cathedral as we had surpassed their contemporary the old London Bridge.

MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

MON. Entomological, 8, P.M.
— Royal Institution, 2.—Monthly Meeting.
THUR. Zoological, 3.—General Business.
FRI. Botanical, 8.

FINE ARTS

Ornamental Designs for Decoration and Manufacture. Published under the Authority of the Council of the Government School of Design. By L. Gruner. Nos. I. and II. Gruner.

Few works that have appeared of late on the subject of Art have occasioned more difference of expressed opinion than this:—the favouritism extended to a foreign artist on the one side having seemingly provoked an undue amount of depreciation on the other. Our readers know that, with a view to benefit the scholars of the various Schools of Design throughout the country, the Council of the parent institution

permitted Mr. Lewis Gruner to publish under their authority a work on Ornamental Designs for Decoration and Manufacture:—that artist having been recommended to them for the purpose by his splendid and valuable work on 'Fresco Decorations and Stuccos of Churches and Palaces in Italy.' As the character of that work was a justification of the selection of an artist—so it is fair that by the standard of that work shall his execution of the present commission be tried: and so tried, there is no doubt that it is a relative failure. The good taste in selection of examples, and the excellence of execution which made the reputation of Mr. Gruner's former work are alike wanting to this. The instances of decoration chosen are not such as are best calculated to diffuse knowledge of, or cultivate a higher feeling for, Decorative Art among those to whom they are more immediately addressed. An attempt has been made to show that for this selection Mr. Gruner is not to be considered responsible, because the Council of the institution had reserved to themselves the right to approve or reject any of the designs submitted for the work by him. That this reservation makes the Council sharers in the blame of the present publication, so far as it is a failure, there is no denying; but the absurd and injudicious attempt to relieve the artist making the selections, and paid for his professional competency to do so, from all responsibility in making those selections, on the plea that those who trusted him had a check over him, might almost justify the amount of ill-will which has been applied to the discussion of this publication.

Of the two numbers of this work that have already appeared, we repeat that bad selection of specimens and of styles is the conspicuous fault. Want of taste meets us everywhere. We look in vain for that refinement in the above respect which distinguishes Mr. Gruner's former work on Fresco Decorations; whether as seen in the admirable prints from the Libreria at Siena—in those from the Vault of the Popolo Church—from the Atisere Ansicht und Details der Vorhalle der Carthause bei Pavia—the Villas Madama or Poniatowsky—the Palazzo Altieri, Farnesina, or Lanti—the Vatican—the Palazzo del T—the Nonner Kloster of St. Paolo, in Parma—the Martinengo Palazzo, at Brescia—or the Monastero Maggiore, at Milan:—and the comparison may the more justly be made inasmuch as in this government book examples have been taken from some of those very places. We lay less stress here on the indifferent Art in which the subjects chosen are conveyed—as the boldness of execution would in many instances be considered an advantage to the student and artisan. Here many of the examples, it is true, are coarse enough; but the far more important failure is, as we have said, in the selections. The due execution of a work like this is of great importance to a school which it is hoped will ere long produce examples of talent that may place our Decorative Art at least on a footing of equality with that of the modern Continental Academies:—and we look to the future numbers for a large improvement on the portion now before us.

The Glories of Art in Belgium.—[*Les Splendeurs, &c.*] By MM. Moke. Edited by Fétis and Van Hasselt. Illustrated by MM. Hendrikx and Stroobant. Brussels, Meline; London, Barish & Co.

At a moment like the present, when Commerce, Science, Discovery, Art,—all, in short, that concerns human progress,—are so universally perilled by "the upheavings of the sea and the shakings of the earth," it seems impertinent to number minor losses and privations. Yet the aggregate of these may, by pressure, do its part in forcing the lesson of the time on the most frivolous or selfish of Sybarites. Nothing will be more largely felt by the pleasure-seeking class than the restraint and interruption of that continental intercourse which, during Europe's rest of thirty years, so many among us have come to regard as a necessity. This year there will be few students of the Louvre and Luxembourg and Versailles Galleries—little chance for the most enterprising lover of Venice of "swimming in a gondola." The architect who sets out to consult Palladio in Vienna may chance to come in for a close acquaintance with Radetzky instead. The Madonna di San Sisto at Dresden is hardly beyond reach of a

Czechish eruption;—while in place of the droning note of the watchman's horn and his quaint holy verses, sung down the streets of the old towns of Germany, the pilgrim may chance to be awakened at midnight by a *Katzen Musik* performed under the windows of some personage supposed to be unfriendly to Communism; fortunate if, in addition, he be not startled by "sounds of edification" little less ghastly than the setting-up of a scaffold—to wit, the building of a barricade in the most approved French fashion. In such a disturbed state of affairs, Belgium offers a ready, safe and pleasant resource to those who desire to change the air, put the sea between them and the penny post, and learn a little concerning foreign Art in its own "haunts and homes." To ourselves the rich and magnificently illustrated volume before us serves as a remembrancer. To others it may be acceptable as a quickener of the curiosity. Yet it is by no means complete. There is a want of due proportion in the letter-press. The moderns are not fairly treated. If Quelinus could be mentioned, there should have been a place found for Darlé,—whose excellent wood-carvings now contribute so rich an attraction to the choir of Antwerp Cathedral. Some account of the recent painters of Belgium, too, and of the places where their *chefs-d'œuvre* are deposited, would have been acceptable as well as graceful. It is impossible for us to enter into details; but we must generally remark that the style of the writing is heavy and wordy. We are not in love with the French rapturists about Art; having had occasion to prove by sad experience how most of them (M. Viardot's 'Notes on the Foreign Picture Galleries' making an honourable exception) will range a fact—nay, sometimes, invent one—for the sake of an emotion. But here we have too frequent attempts at the *flamboyant* in writing, without such grace and lightness as make us willing to accept and allow for floridity. On the other hand, the illustrations are admirable,—superior to the average which could be commanded in England for a similar purpose; and the book is one which may be fairly promoted from the drawing-room table to the library shelf—till a better be written and decorated.

ELECTRO PAINTING.

I beg to submit to your notice a new method of engraving, which I trust will prove a desirable addition to the styles at present in use. It is unnecessary to trouble you with a detail of the steps which led me to adopt this process,—the object of which is to engrave in copper the very touches of an artist's brush, so as to produce a *fac-simile* of the drawing. The process is extremely simple, the cost of the materials trifling, and the only skill required is that necessary for painting in oil or water colour. The artist has the power of making alterations in his design if necessary; the finest touches may be given, the finest lines can be executed, and any depth of tint produced; and the drawing has the great advantage of not being reversed in the print.

The principle of this process consists in the production of an electrotype copper cast of the drawing itself. The drawing is to be made on a perfectly smooth, unburnished metal plate, the size of the drawing.—German silver is well adapted to the purpose. This plate is not injured by the process, and can be used repeatedly. The pigment employed is thus formed. Two parts of tallow and one of wax are to be well mixed together in a melted state, and blackened with the finest lamp-black: a small portion of this mass must then be rubbed down with turpentine, by the aid of a palette-knife, to the consistency of oil-paint. With this paint, a drawing is to be made with an ordinary paint-brush on the German silver plate. The point flows readily from the brush, and forms raised touches on the smooth plate; the touches intended to print the darkest being raised the highest. Various methods of working will suggest themselves to artists. A leather pad is very useful for producing broad flat tints; and good effects may also be obtained by using a leather stump. Even the palette knife may occasionally lend its aid. The artist can judge of the effect of the print from the colour of the drawing; the tints of the one corresponding very closely with the tints of the other. The highest lights are obtained either by leaving the German silver plate bare or by wiping out portions of the paint. When the drawing is finished, the

finest French bronze powder (the same as that used for printing gold letters) must be freely dusted over its surface with a large and soft camel's hair brush, care being afterwards taken to brush away all the bronze which does not adhere to the drawing. A drawing with a metallic surface is thus obtained; on which an electrotype copper plate, a perfect cast of the original drawing and of sufficient thickness to bear the pressure of printing, may be readily deposited.

I propose the term "Electro Painting" as appropriate to this style of engraving. The electrotype plate when taken off the drawing must be carefully washed with turpentine to remove any bronze or paint which may adhere to it, the edges must be cut square, and the back of the plate filed smooth:—and it is then ready for the printer. The prints thus produced have all the richness and depth of etching, and at the same time show distinctly the touch of the artist's brush. The specimens I send for your inspection must be regarded as the work of a mere amateur; but I trust you will find in them sufficient evidence of a power which in more skillful hands is capable of producing valuable results.—I am, &c.,

FERGUSON BRANSON, M.D., CANTAB.

Sheffield.

FINE-ART GOSSIP.—On Friday week Mr. Redgrave delivered to the scholars of the Government School of Design the second of a course of lectures on Artistic Botany, in the spacious apartment in Somerset House formerly the Council-room of the Royal Academy. He first treated of the advantages of the study of plants and flowers as supplying a knowledge of the natural sources and true types of ornament; and especially of its value in correcting the tendency of the student to reproduce only the antique conventionalities of Art,—noticing the great propensity of manufacturers to perpetuate a merely mechanical treatment of ornament. He adverted to the diligent study of ornament by the celebrated masters of the middle ages; and to the manner in which the designers of the arabesques of the Vatican made use of natural objects, with due attention to the seasons and to their poetical suggestions. Upon this the lecturer largely descanted; illustrating the associative influence of the plants and flowers of our native land on our sentiments and affections, and hence their peculiar fitness as materials of ornament. He adduced many instances of beautiful allusion to the well-known wild flowers of our hedgerows and meadows by our great descriptive poets; and exhorted the students to peruse their works, with the view of enriching their faculties of illustration, refining their sentiments, and developing a national style of ornament. In proceeding with these remarks, introductory to a more minute exposition of the structure of plants, he directed attention to the three principal classes of the vegetable kingdom,—indicating their essential differences of structure and growth; in regard to stems, leafage, and efflorescence.

At a meeting of the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland held in Edinburgh on the 1st inst., a curious collection of portraits and relics relating to Mary Queen of Scots and her history was exhibited:—a list of which and of their possessors may probably be of interest to some of our antiquarian readers.

1. 'Mary of Guise.' A kit-cat, on canvas. An ancient family picture; believed to be an original. Sent by Mrs. Campbell of Lochell. A copy of the portrait at St. James's, by Mytens.—2. 'Mary of Guise.' On panel. Discovered behind the wainscot of the Laigh Tolbooth, or Council-House, Parliament Close, Edinburgh, on its demolition. By Alex. Mackay of Blackcastle, Esq. Very fine; an undoubted original.—3. 'James V. and Mary of Guise'; copied from the original miniatures, in the possession of the Duke of Devonshire.—Also, 4. 'La Reine d'Écosse,' a crayon drawing, ascribed to Janet. By David Laing, Esq.—5. 'Queen Mary, at the age of 14, in the Dress of a Page.' This picture was presented many years since to two English ladies at Rome, by an Italian sculptor, in whose family it had been for some generations, and was believed to be a genuine portrait of the Queen of Scots. By Rich. Huie, M.D.—6. 'Queen Mary.' A half-length, in a figured dress. Brought from Holland, and formerly in the possession of the Earl of Albemarle. Ascribed to Federico Zuccaro. By A. Mackay of Blackcastle, Esq. The head injured by coarse retouching.—7. 'Queen Mary.' An early copy of the Mar Portrait, destroyed at the burning of the Tower of Allon in 1800. By P. B. Ainslie, Esq.—8. 'Queen Mary.' A cabinet picture on panel. By C. MacLaurin, Esq. An early copy with variations from the original of No. 10.—9. 'Queen Mary.' A head size, in a rich crimson dress, ascribed to Zuccaro. By Humphrey Graham, Esq. Very fine.—10. 'Queen Mary.' In a black dress. Formerly in the Holyrood Collection. An early copy from the original in the Scots College, at Paris. By Mrs. J. R. Stodart, the translator of Albert Durer.—11. 'Marie

Stuart, Femme de François II. Point aux vitres des Cordeliers à Paris. A copy from the window, which is now destroyed. By David Laing, Esq.—12. 'Queen Mary.' 'De Lamotte, who painted Mary Queen of Scots for the King of France's closet, took this unfinished picture from it for himself. His lived descendant, the late Mrs. Sutherland of Woodend, Strirlingshire, having survived all her own family, authorized her husband, when at a very advanced age, to leave this picture by will to Walter Stirling Glas, Esq. of that ilk and of Sauchie.' By Mrs. Glas of Glas and Sauchie. The same as one frequently engraved, usually styled 'The Orkney Portrait.'—13. 'Queen Mary.' On panel. In a black dress, slashed with white; a French painting, representing the Queen in early life. Believed to be an original. By Mark Napier, Esq. Advocate, Sheriff of Dumfriesshire. This is a fine old painting, but probably misnamed. It bears no resemblance to other portraits of Mary. The royal arms in the corner are not those borne by the Queen, but by her son, James VI.—14. 'James VI. when a Boy,' marked IACOBVS. D.G. REX. SCOTORVM. On panel. By David Laing, Esq. All the appearance of a genuine original.—15. 'John Knox and his Second Wife.'—16. 'Margaret Stewart, Daughter of Lord Ochiltree.' By the Marquess of Breadalbane.—17. 'John Lesley, Bishop of Ross.' An original portrait, formerly in the Scots College, at Paris; and very fine, well worthy of engraving.—18. 'Cardinal Beaton.' A copy of the original portrait, at St. Mary's College, Blair. —Also, 19. 'A View of Cardinal Beaton's House, Blackfriars Wynd, Edinburgh, as it existed in 1829.' By the Right Rev. Dr. Gillis.—20. A Collection of Engraved Portraits, including many of Queen Mary. By D. Laing, Esq., Jas. Drummond, Esq., and other Members.—21. Queen Mary's Watch and Solitaire. The watch is the same described in McCre's 'Life of Knox,' as having been presented to the Reformer by Queen Mary, and which Professor Leslie pronounced to be of very early workmanship, consistent with the tradition. By the Rev. Alexander Torrance of Glenore.—22. The Coins of the Reigns of James V., Queen Mary, and James VI. From the Collections of Wm. Ferguson, Esq. and David Laing, Esq.—23. The Key of Loch Leven Castle; dredged up from the Loch.—24. Medal struck on the occasion of the marriage of Mary Queen of Scots to the Dauphin of France, in 1558. By C. Kirkpatrick Sharpe, Esq.—25. Queen Mary's Clock, formerly in Linlithgow Palace. By R. Bryson, Esq.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA, COVENT-GARDEN.

GRAND EXTRA NIGHT.

On THURSDAY NEXT, a Grand Extra Night will take place, on which occasion Bellini's Opera 'I PURITANI' will be performed for the Second Time this Season, to which will be added the Last Scene from 'LA CENERENTOLA,' and other entertainments. Full particulars of which will be duly announced. Admission to the Pit, 5s.; to the New Amphitheatre, 2s. 6d.; to the Amphitheatre Stalls, 1s. 6d.

The Performances will commence at Eight o'clock. Tickets, Stalls, and Boxes for the Night or Season, to be obtained at the Box-Office of the Theatre, which is open from Eleven till Half-past Five o'clock, and at the principal Libraries and Music-sellers.

BY COMMAND OF HER MAJESTY.—THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.—It is respectfully announced that, by Special Command of Her Most Gracious Majesty the Queen, on MONDAY, July 10, will be presented the First Three Acts of Shakespeare's Historical Play of 'HENRY THE EIGHTH,' which terminate with the fall of Cardinal Wolsey. After which will be performed by Three Acted Colman's Comedy of 'THE JEALOUS WIFE,' being the FAREWELL BENEFIT and LAST APPEARANCE OF MR. MACREADY previous to his Departure for AMERICA. The Fourth Act of the Theatre will be opened on Monday, the 3rd of July.—Second Circle Boxes, 7s.; Pit, 3s. 6d. Galleries, 2s. and 1s. The Dress Circle is converted into Reserved Places, applications for which, as well as for Pit Stalls and Private Boxes, must be made to the Committee, at Mitchell's Royal Library, 33, Old Bond-street.

FRENCH PLAYS, ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.—MR. MITCHELL respectfully announces that his BENEFIT will take place at this Theatre on WEDNESDAY EVENING, July 13, on which occasion will be presented Two Entirely New Pieces, in which Miss, and Graciosa will perform, besides the Last Appearances. Mr. Mitchell solicits the favour of early applications for Boxes and Stalls.—Royal Library, 33, Old Bond-street.

MUSICAL UNION.—TUESDAY, July 11th, Half-past Three o'clock.—LAST MEETING OF THE SEASON.—Quartets by Haydn, Mozart and Beethoven. Executants—Saindon, Deloffre, Hill, and Piatti. Pianoforte, Herr Hallé.

Members will be invited to a trial of New Compositions, and are requested to hold their Tickets until the 1st of March, 1848.

Tickets for the 11th of July to be had, 10s. 6d. each, at Cramer's. Members can introduce Visitors on payment at the Doors.

PHILHARMONIC CONCERTS.—The Eighth Concert —"commanded," as the Court phrase is—closed the season with spirit. The Symphonies were Mendelssohn's Second and Beethoven's in c minor—the overtures those to 'Leonora' and 'The Ruler of the Spirits'; all played with great fire and finish by the orchestra. The singers were Madame Castellani—who sang her best, which is now very good,—and Signor Mario. The grand Duett from the fourth act of 'Les Huguenots' (its subject how strangely coincident with the fearful real occurrences taking place in Paris!) loses by being transferred from the stage. There, as a piece of dramatic effect, it equals the grave-scene in the 'Fidelio.' On the whole, the Philharmonic Society may be said to have kept its ground this year, the times considered:—not merely times during which half the male audience of one evening's concert had been wielding special constables' batons of African oak in the morning,—but also a period

of musical dearth unexampled in the annals of creative Art. We do not, however, think that to "keep ground" is enough; since even under the worst of circumstances the clear-sighted will fix their eyes on the future with an eye to progress—will endeavour to hold themselves in readiness against the turn of affairs. Not only is it necessary, for the prosperity of the Philharmonic Society, that its audience should be habituated to the occasional entertainment of novelty, —but research should never cease and attention should perpetually stand on the look-out. There are orchestral works by Beethoven which have never been properly performed in the Hanover Square Rooms: a few have been only ill played there once, and then laid aside as not worth repeating. This year we ought to have been tried with Onslow's new Symphony. There are Symphonies, too, by Ries, worthy of occasional hearing; albeit, of course, not equal to the works of the great originators. Then, as to novelties, it was well done to give a commission to Dr. Spohr, as the last of the great Germans;—it must be admitted even by those who, like ourselves, are not enamoured of Dr. Spohr's recent works. But why not also (or in preference) have treated for overtures with Mr. W. S. Bennett and with M. Berlioz—making it a condition with the latter gentleman that his work should be within reach of moderate executive powers? Past experience, we admit, is not very encouraging as to the result of such measures; but unless Prudence be occasionally accompanied by Enterprise a time of nodding supineness is sure to come on—and then, a long sleep!

M. CHOPIN'S MATINÉE.—It is not too much to say that, at a period when so many sources of pleasure appear to be exhausted,—when mechanical skill, too, has been carried to a point precluding the hope of much further discovery—M. Chopin gave his audience yesterday week an hour and a half of such musical enjoyment as only great beauty combined with great novelty can command. We have had by turns this great player and the other great composer,—we have been treated to the smooth, the splendid, the sentimental, the severe in style, upon the pianoforte, one after the other: M. Chopin has proved to us that the instrument is capable of yet another "mode"—one in which delicacy, picturesqueness, elegance, humour may be blended so as to produce that rare thing, a new delight. His treatment of the pianoforte is peculiar: and though we know that a system is not to be "explained in one word," we will mention a point or two so entirely novel that even the distant amateur may in part conceive how from such motions an original style of performance, and thence of composition, must inevitably result. Whereas other pianists have proceeded on the intention of equalizing the power of the fingers, M. Chopin's plans are arranged so as to utilize their natural inequality of power,—and if carried out, provide varieties of expression not to be attained by those with whom evenness is the first excellence. Allied with this fancy are M. Chopin's peculiar mode of treating the scale and the shake, and his manner of sliding with one and the same finger from note to note, by way of producing a peculiar *legato*, and of passing the third over the fourth finger. All of these innovations are "art and part" of his music as properly rendered; and as enacted by himself, they charm by an ease and grace which, though superfine, are totally distinct from affectation. After the "hammer and tongs" work on the pianoforte to which we have of late years been accustomed, the delicacy of M. Chopin's tone and the elasticity of his passages are delicious to the ear. He makes a free use of *tempo rubato*; leaning about within his bars more than any player we recollect, but still subject to a presiding sentiment of measure such as presently habituates the ear to the liberties taken. In music not his own we happen to know that he can be as staid as a metronome; while his Mazurkas, &c. lose half their characteristic wildness if played without a certain freak and licence,—impossible to imitate, but irresistible if the player at all feel the music. This we have always fancied while reading M. Chopin's works:—we are now sure of it after hearing him perform them himself.

The pieces which M. Chopin gave at his *Matinée* were *Notturmi*—*Studies*—'La Berceuse' (a delicate and lulling dream with that most matter-of-fact sub-

stratum, a ground bass)—two *Mazurkas*—and the two new Waltzes [*ante*, p. 467]. Most of these might be called "gems" without misuse of the well-worn symbol. Yet if fantasy be allowed to characterize what is essentially fantastic, they are not so much gems as pearls—pearls in the changeful delicacy of their colour,—in occasional irregularities of form, not destructive, however, of symmetry—pearls in their not being the products of health and strength. They will not displace and supersede other of our musical treasures, being different in tone and quality to any possessions we already enjoy; but inasmuch as Art is not final, nor invention to be narrowed within the limits of experience, no musician, be he ever so straight-laced or severe—or vowed to his own school—can be indifferent to their exquisite and peculiar charm. It is to be hoped that M. Chopin will play again; and the next time some of his more developed compositions, —such as *Ballads*, *Scherzi*, &c., if not his *Sonatas* and *Concerti*. Few of his audience will be at all contented by a single hearing.

MR. BENEDICT'S CONCERT.—For many springs past *Mr. Benedict's Concert* has been

an abridgment of all that is pleasant in the music of the London season. But the state of affairs is materially changed since the series began. Covent Garden will not, of course, sing in the Haymarket. Mdlle. Lind will not perform at concerts for either love or money; and that Mr. Lumley's other two *prime donne*, Mdlle. Cravelli and Madame Tadolini, are repulsive rather than attractive in a concert-room, the audience of Monday had abundant cause to know. Hence, the *Bénéficiaire* had this year to make his "*soprano effects*" by "unattached" Ladies; among whom were Madame Dorus-Gras, Madame Sabatier, Mdlle. di Mendi, the Misses Williams, and our own Miss Dolby,—who sang with great finish. Miss Durlacher, too, made her *début* in 'Dove sono,' giving signs of a voice; we dare say no more. The most interesting male singing was one of Lindblad's Swedish Songs given by Signor Beletti. It is some years now since the *Athenæum* introduced this Swedish music to the English public; nor have we ever doubted that, one day, it must take its turn with the *Lieder* of Schubert and the Songs of Mendelssohn. Let artists be ever so resolute against experiment (as they are) they must give in at last. M. Massol, too, was a novelty in an air from 'La Favorite.' We can but name the Signori Lablache, Coletti, Gardoni, Ciabatta, and Marras, and Mr. John Parry,—also Mdlle. Vera,—in proof that the best attainable vocalists had been assembled. Then, for instrumental music, we had a grand and florid concert *allegro* for two pianofortes and orchestra,—performed by its composer, Mr. Benedict, and M. Hallé;—and *Solos* by M. Thalberg, "playing" his very best,—whose study in a minor was deservedly *encored*.—Signor Piatti, Herr Molique—who is least happy in his concert *Fantasias*—M. Hermann, and M. Vivier. This gentleman's horn-playing found favour in the sight of the public: though to us it is at once cavernous and dismal in tone,—and paralytic to boot; being affectedly tremulous. Besides these, Madame Marras performed a *Solo* on the harp, and Mr. Pratten was to play on the flute: the whole making an entertainment of thirty-six items. We do not think it possible that the interest of these meetings can be maintained for many years to come: and Mr. Benedict, as our resident professor who is also a composer, would do wisely were he to change his manner of appeal to the public,—and being no longer in case to treat it with an epitome of the London musical season, were he to attack it with new compositions of his own or works by the old masters hitherto unheard. Day by day, music is becoming less and less of a modish thing in England. If it is to become more and more of a pursuit intelligently enjoyed,—to keep in advance, not out of sight, of the public is the part of every skilful and accomplished artist.

M. BERLIOZ'S CONCERT.—So fully did we enter into an analysis of the compositions of this acute critic and ingenious writer on a former occasion [*ante*, pp. 170, 195], that little remains to be stated with regard to the meeting at the Hanover Square Rooms on Thursday last,—the selection of music being almost identical with that of the Drury Lane concert. We

must state, however, that the overture to 'The Roman Carnival,' the 'Pilgrims' March' in the 'Hamlet Symphony,' and the 'Hungarian March' from 'Faust' were enthusiastically *encored*. This concert had other attractions besides the interest attaching to music so grand in scale, and in some points so original. It would be impossible to pass over the incomparable singing of Spanish airs and duets by Mdlle. de Mendi and Madame Viardot, as captivating by the high artistic finish as by their quaint and exquisite nationality.

CONCERTS OF CHAMBER MUSIC.—We can but, in a short paragraph, announce that the *Grande Matinée* of the Musical Union has been held. Also the *Chamber Concert* of that sound and clever violoncellist, Herr Hausmann, at which a new Quintet by Herr Molique was brought forward—the last of Mr. Biggrove's meetings—and the *Matinée* of Miss Clara Loveday.

HAYMARKET.—Congreve's licentious and witty comedy of 'Love for Love' was reproduced on Wednesday, strongly cast and well-mounted. Its merit consisting entirely in its sparkling dialogue, the pleasure which it is calculated to impart is of a decidedly intellectual, though not of a moral, character. The productions of this school, indeed, deal with a comic world distinct and apart from the actual one,—and are perhaps even more ideal than the expressly poetical drama. All is done there in the spirit of sport; just is nothing earnest in them. Life is there a jest and Love a fantastic dream. No appeal is made to the heart or the imagination; but fancy rules the hour, and shifting opinion takes colour from the passing action, regardless of censure and deaf to the remonstrances of truth. The spectator, yielding to the illusion of the moment, ignores the sense of wrong and the law of right,—and loses himself in the perpetual mirth and enjoyment of the scene. Exquisite acting, however, is required to bring out the fine effects and brilliant repartees with which the play abounds. Such performers as Mr. Howe and Mr. Henry Farren are manifestly unequal to the parts of the gentlemen that distinguish this class of drama. We cannot say much for the *Scandal* of the one, or the *Valentine* of the other. *Tattle*, on the other hand, was well represented by Mr. Wigan, —and Ben found a humorous representative in Mr. Keeley. *Foresight* was admirably suited to Mr. Farren; and the *Sir Simon Legend* of Mr. Tilbury was, as usual, a painstaking piece of acting. Mrs. Nisbett performed *Mrs. Frail*,—and acted it to the life; and Mrs. Keeley, as *Miss Prue*, was as joyously hoydenish as the wildest lover of mirth could desire. The gem of the evening, however, was the *Angelica* of Miss Fortescue. It was the perfect lady rendered with as much sweetness as archness.—On the same evening was given also the comedy of 'The Road to Ruin': *Goldfisch* being performed for the first time by Mr. Wigan. But a special account of the performance is not required.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC GOSSIP.—It will be seen that the past week (during which, mercifully, neither Opera House has produced any novelty) has included the most noticeable concerts of the season. The extent to which our chronicle of these has run would have precluded the possibility of much Gossip,—had not, indeed, Rumour been silenced by sounds far sterner than those of musical occupation among our artists in London. While listening for tidings from Prague and Paris, who could have much heart to plan or humour to talk of anything beyond such transactions of the hour as claimed immediate attention? Though Art is no jest—still less a selfish pursuit of gain with those who view it aright—its interests must wane when a matter is in suspense so fearfully important as the triumph or defeat of Savage Misery! But—believing that now, more than ever in the world's history, it is important that every action and transaction of every man's life should be ordered according to principle and conscience—the present times of suspense and anxiety may be turned to account by the Artist, no less than by the Politician or the Literary Man. He has small part, it is true, in the propagandism in which now every child, it seems to us, assumes a ministry. A Musician in "the movement" is a spectacle at

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unequally as the French women of fashion who have been flaunting it in the Phrygian bonnet at the Parisian theatres (a sight actually seen)! To such reckless arrogance—to this assumption by every butterfly of the scales of Justice and the thunderbolts of Doom—may be in some part owing the dismal convulsions now upheaving the world; one phase of which may be a general outbreak of that Vandalism by which no one heritage suffers more cruelly than the Artist's. "For Hearth and Home!" cannot mean that all should agitate, any more than that all should preach. Where are the people, if every man is to become a law-giver and a priest?—But, seeing that among indirect moral influences Art comes perhaps the first, it is neither Quixotic nor Utopian to speak aloud to every one who, in any respect, has any part of the public in care—the Musician among the number. It would be foolish to deny that his "mystery" stands at this moment in a very critical position. Historians may point to past ages; and, reminding us how tastes and pursuits, like countries, have their cycles, assume that we are living at the end of the great musical period. This may be so: but were the fact proved, thoughtful persons are not therefore absolved from acute exercise of discretion and unselfish effort. On the contrary: never was there such need for Managers, Artists, whether creative or executant,—and Critics, to hold themselves clear of discouragement, hopelessness, or ignorant self-conceit; to be superior to a rapacious and envious humour; to distinguish between deep admiration and that spirit of superstition (the root whereof is ignorance) which, under pretext of creation, sets about galvanizing that which has already lived. Originality cannot be called forth "by command," nor pressed out by profound thinking,—but its chances of appearing are promoted in proportion as lofty and wide and generous views are maintained,—be the immediate fruit what it may. If, moreover, by representing fairly his own class the Musician would keep alive his hold on society and avert that indifference which is often the prelude to decay or destruction, he must now more than ever "take heed to his courses," professional and private. And by so doing he will be filling a citizen's place far better than a *Consolo*, who serves as a rallying point for intrigue among Bohemian illuminati,—or a Rachel, hugging the tricolored flag while she assists in stirring up furious passions by singing *La Marseillaise*. Béranger's *not* is a golden one,—that "now is the time when devotion may be best shown by each man abstaining from attempting that for which he is not fit." But we must not let our earnestness become tediousness.

A paragraph will dispose of most of our home news not elsewhere included. Madame Thillon has appeared as 'La Fille du Régiment' at the Princess's Theatre without any signal success. The rumour current that the *Ancient Concerts* are about to be given up has been formally contradicted in the *Morning Post*. The new Catholic church (chapel, or cathedral?) in St. George's Fields is to be opened on Tuesday next, with a Pontifical Mass. As such ceremonies have their artistic side, and are, moreover, the only occasions on which some of the greatest music of the great composers is to be heard in its proper place, we may possibly report upon as well as announce the service of consecration.—Her Majesty would seem to have become suddenly aware that there are such things as a British drama and a British stage. The Queen and Prince Albert have announced their intention to be present on the occasion of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kean's benefit at the Haymarket next Monday,—and on that of Mr. Macready's benefit at Drury Lane on Monday week. Previously to the announcement of Her Majesty's intention, a requisition had been signed by many noblemen and gentlemen inviting Mr. Macready, previously to his departure for the United States, to "appear in one of the characters of the national drama to which he has rendered such essential services."—Owing to that night being fixed for Mr. Macready's farewell benefit previous to his departure for America, Mr. Webster announces a postponement of his benefit,—which had been fixed for the same evening.—Mr. Glover, a tragedian from Edinburgh, is said to be in treaty for Drury Lane Theatre.

The second part of 'Monte Christo' was acted on Saturday at the St. James's Theatre. The audience was somewhat more numerous than on the first occasion:—but the drama failed to excite any enthusiasm.

MISCELLANEA

The Catamaran.—It had been announced by advertisement that this patent life-preserver would make a trip from Dover to Boulogne. All having been got ready, the catamaran was carried down to the water's edge by a few sturdy boatmen, and in a trice launched for the first time on the briny deep amid the roar of artillery and the plaudits of the people. The anchor being got, the life preserver was pulled clear of the land; and then it was put under the pressure of a lug-sail, and took its course across the Channel. The catamaran is exceedingly simple in construction. This specimen is 30 feet long by 8 feet wide. The cylinders were stuffed with different sorts of munitions; and when on the water it looked in shape not unlike an elongated basket, through the bottom and sides of which the water has free ingress and egress. Its flexibility protects it from damage on rocks or sinking ships, and it would seem next to impossible for any sea to upset it. It will, therefore, be serviceable where no boat could live; and though it does not keep its crew dry-footed, this is a matter of minor import in cases of life or death. We have no doubt of the success of Mr. Hely's invention, and believe that every seagoing vessel will shortly adopt the catamaran as a life-preserver for passengers and crew in case of need. In the case of a vessel taking fire at sea, getting on a sunken rock, or in any way becoming in a sinking state, were each sailor provided with a cylinder case, he could bundle his clothes and a little "grub" into it, and the strength of the united crew could very soon construct the catamaran raft. The catamaran arrived safe at Boulogne at 7 o'clock p.m.—*Dover Chronicle*.

The Westminster Improvements.—On Monday, the whole of the houses forming the plot of buildings opposite Westminster Hospital, at the end of Dean-street and the Broad Sanctuary, were sold by order of the Dean and Chapter of Westminster, for the purpose of the Westminster improvements. This will form the great opening of the new street opposite the west gate of Westminster Abbey. The buildings in the Almonry being cleared away, the line of the new street will be quickly laid out and the work proceeded with.—*Globe*.

The Expected Comet.—The following extract from 'The Barons' War' by W. H. Blauw, Esq., p. 251, relating to the comet of 1264, whose return is now expected, may not be thought out of season:—especially since numerous foreign writers have been referred to as testifying to its appearance, while the quaint notice of it by our countryman Roger Bacon seems to have been overlooked. Mathew Paris, who has been cited as a witness, had been dead five years.

An ominous interpretation was now given to the appearance of a great comet, which spread its light across half the heavens during several months this year. No phenomenon of this nature was remembered, and all manner of calamities were attributed to it by various parties. One chronicler supposes it to have presaged the Battle of Evesham,* another observes with much simplicity that, "though it may have tokened many things in other parts of the world, this one at any rate is certain, that during its three months' duration, Pope Urban began to be ill exactly at its appearance, and died the very night the comet disappeared."† Even the strong intellect of Roger Bacon was led astray by this natural wonder, and he reasoned of it in a strain not superior to the tone of his contemporaries. "Whence in the year 1264, in the month of July, when there was the apparition of a terrible comet, it is proved to have been generated by the virtue of Mars: for as Mars was then in Taurus, and the comet arose in Cancer, it ceased not to run towards its cause, that is to say, Mars, as steel runs to a magnet; therefore, since it moved towards Mars, and there lay hid, it must have been caused by Mars. Since, therefore, the nature of Mars is to excite men to anger, discord, and wars, so it happened that the comet also signified the angers, discords, and wars of men, as wise astronomers teach, but more truly the experience of the whole Church, proved by the wars of England, Spain, Italy, and other regions, which occurred then and afterwards. Oh, how much advantage might have been procured to the church of God, if the quality of the heavens at that time had been foreseen by wise men, and made known to prelates and princes, so as to calm them by the desire for peace, for there would not then have been so great a slaughter of Christians, nor so many souls placed in Hell!" This remarkable comet is described as "a sterile with a lance," red and clear in hue, "appearing from St. Margaret's day till near Michaelmas,

* T. Wyke.

† W. Rishanger.

‡ Opus M. p. 4, page 243, Edit. 1733.

and is supposed by astronomers to have reappeared in 1586. Should this identity be true, it may be expected to recur in 1643, after completing its destined course of 292 years: and let those who may be curious in such omens then observe what ill omen of princes, what bloodshed in war, or what downfall of political chiefs may then result.

W. S. W.

Legal Anatomy in America.—The law of our enlightened brethren on the other side of the Atlantic takes the human body to pieces more boldly than the surgeon's knife dares on this. *Burrill's Christian Citizen* alludes to an advertisement in a New Orleans paper:—"For sale: one undivided half of a man."

Kumtoltite.—The court-yard of the Admiralty, Whitehall, has been covered with a paving of Indian rubber. It is laid down in pieces about twelve inches square and one in thickness. The quadrangle at Buckingham Palace formed by the erection of the new wing will also be covered with this material,—which its projectors have named "Kumtoltite." Its chief recommendation is, that it deadens all sound, rendering the passage of a vehicle or horses perfectly noiseless.—*Herald*.

Food in the Australian Bush.—As a pendant to the paragraph describing the incidents of the Australian Bush which we printed, under this head, some weeks ago [*ante*, p. 613], we take the following extract from an article, headed "Food in the Bush," which appeared lately in another Australian paper.

It has occurred to us that if a portion of the Botanic Gardens was planted with specimens of the various esculent roots, &c., made use of by the aborigines as food, a public benefit would be conferred. There are many of these roots from which they, when they cannot get flesh of any kind, make a hearty meal; and it might be the means of saving the lives of some unfortunate persons, should they be placed in similar circumstances, as there are few white men who have any knowledge of the appearance of these roots, or of the sort of soil in which they are most likely to be found. If they once saw them growing, and their useful properties were pointed out, they would probably, in time of need, remember enough of them to guide them materially in their search. The aborigines have also several ways of obtaining water in the dry seasons, of which a white man would have no idea: one is, to dig up the roots of a young tree (a species of wattle), following it along the ground till they arrive near the end of the root; then they squeeze or beat to a pulp, and thus obtain from a root not the thickness of a man's finger, sometimes as much as half a pint of pure water. Another method is to collect the dew from the leaves of trees and scrub by carefully shaking the branches, at the same time holding under them a large shell or leaf rolled up. This last method is practised more particularly on the sea coast, where in many cases, though the dew falls heavier, there is less or as little fresh water to be found as even on the plains. The assistant protectors might be requested to obtain specimens of these roots, as opportunity may occur;—and from the general success with which the indigenous plants of this country have been transplanted in the Botanic Gardens, there can be no doubt that those roots might be cultivated with success.

Compressed-Air Locomotive.—It is long since the idea was first entertained that atmospheric air, compressed, might be made to act on a locomotive like the wound-up main-spring of a watch; but the same tendency of the power to vary in intensity required some analogous means of regulation, and the want of these means has hitherto constituted an insurmountable obstacle to the practical adoption of this portable and safe, as well as powerful, agency. The Baron von Rathen, however, has at length succeeded, it is said, in overcoming the great obstacles to the management of air compressed; amongst which obstacles must also be enumerated the heat liberated in compression and absorbed in re-expansion. A locomotive for common roads, on these principles, is being built at the College of Civil Engineers, Putney.—*Builder*.

Another Unreformed Grammar School.—The governors of the Blackburn Grammar School held a special meeting a week or two ago to consider the state of the institution, and to adopt means for its more efficient management. Several meetings of this nature have been held during the past year, but they have been as yet fruitless, the number of scholars having dwindled down to four. The maximum, during the year, has not exceeded six. The charter of the school provides that there shall be a master and under-master, but there has been no under-master for a long time. The desideratum in the management of the school is, that its master should be able and willing to impart a sound and useful commercial as well as classical education, and this is alleged to be indifferently attended to. At the meeting, a committee was appointed to confer with the master and devise

means for the renovation of the institution.—*Morning Paper.*

Subterranean Fire.—The village of Lower Haugh, near Rotherham, on the estate of Earl Fitzwilliam, presents a curious and interesting aspect. The fact is well known in the village—although we have never heard it spoken of in this neighbourhood—that an extensive bed of coal beneath the village is on fire, and has been in that condition, burning with greater or less intensity, for at least twenty years. A gentleman residing in Sheffield, whose curiosity induced to visit the locality one day during the present week, has furnished us with the following particulars.—The coal in certain places bassets out,—that is, it comes up to the surface of the ground; and it was at one of these bassets that the fire originally commenced, having been ignited by a "clump" (a fire for burning stones intended for road materials). The subterranean fire has continued to advance in various directions up to the present time,—its progress being manifested by the appearance at intervals of smoke and flames at the surface of the ground; the spread of which has generally been stopped, however, by puddling the eruptions with clay, &c. A feeling of apprehension as to the ultimate fate of the village has always continued to prevail; and we understand that a good many years ago the destruction of the mausoleum of the Wentworth family was threatened by the approach of the fire, but happily the calamity was averted by severing the bed of coal, for which purpose a shaft was specially sunk. Latterly the work of destruction appears to have been going on with unwonted rapidity, and, naturally enough, has created a corresponding degree of alarm. The ground in several large tracts is one huge hotbed; and where the heat is not so intense as to destroy vegetation, the villagers turn it to very good account in raising early crops of vegetables. Peas were seen some weeks ago flourishing luxuriantly in the open air; and potatoes are so forward, that one crop has been already secured and a second crop got into the ground. The exposed earth is quite warm, even in the depth of winter. Were this state of things confined within prescribed limits it would be all very well—but this is by no means the case. The unnatural heat engenders a disagreeable smoke, which is continually ascending and adulterating the atmosphere, doubtless to the detriment of animal health; and the houses in the worst localities are often filled with warm air strongly charged with sulphur, rendering them as habitations little better than a coal-pit. The cellars, naturally, are the worst.—*Sheffield Times.*

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—The Author of "Ernest Singleton"—A. L.—Q. E. D.—H. A. R.—R. L. P.—J. A. B.—T. S. D.—G. K. W.—replies.

Dr. A.—The notice of this correspondent's letter—and of that of another correspondent—on the subject of the Chevalier Bunsen's book "Egypt's Place in Universal History" is only postponed—not forgotten.

Materiality of Electricity.—We have received another letter on this subject from Mr. Lake; purporting to be an answer to the letter of Mr. Dix which appeared in our columns a fortnight since (*ante*, p. 614). We have already devoted as much space to the matter in question as our columns can spare—and we think, besides, that Mr. Lake's communication contains nothing which is new.

The Deluge.—In our last number, we were incautious enough to insert a letter, signed H. M., on the extent and physical character of the Mosaic deluge. We might have foreseen the host of communications which we should certainly draw down upon ourselves by holding out such a bait for controversy. Were we to insert all that have reached us already, our readers would be surprised to see how much of the ordinary ground of the *Athenæum* must be swamped by this controversial "deluge"—so we shall not insert any. And we may remark, that when we occasionally allow a correspondent to diverge from ordinary opinion upon a well-worn subject—as H. M. says, to challenge inquiry—we do not thereby bind ourselves to open our columns to all the usual expression of that ordinary opinion which is so easily to be found in works accessible to all. The inquiry challenged may take place in the minds of hundreds, without our printing the results;—which, by the way, if there were inquiry at all, could not be ready for the next following number of the *Athenæum*. A correspondent who is ready by Monday to answer the challenge of the previous Saturday, must needs have thought the inquiry finished before he ever saw the challenge. Even if we had space for the thoughts which H. M.'s letter might excite supposing them to be original, we should yet never think of printing specimens of the well-known trains of thought against which H. M. makes a suggestion.

Erratum.—A literal error, last week, p. 631, col. 1, l. 25, in a word coined by us for our especial purpose makes our latinity halt not only in quantity—as we then admitted—but in syntax. For "parasolls" read *parosols*.

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